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THE DIAL

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FACT, TRUTH, FICTION, AND THE STORY.

Might it not straighten out matters for us a little, I sometimes wonder, if we were to throw overboard some of our verbal ballast,—for instance, the word "fiction" and the word "novel"? The first would probably sink of its own clumsy weight, and trouble us no more; and the other, when we had let it out of its gilt cage, would skitter off into the thin air where it belongs, and we should not have *that* pet to take care of in the future.

Very likely we should miss them at first; but what a relief to discover, as time went on, that we were no longer fuddling ourselves and others with talk about "realistic fiction," and (shade of Boccaccio!) "novels of ideas," and such strange cattle! What luxury to be, as it were, alone on a wide, wide sea, with no critical baggage aboard but a few simple words like "story" and "story-telling"! How much easier, when we fell into the inevitable discussion of So-and-so's latest, to make out what the other fellow might be talking about! How much more possible for him to get an inkling, now and then, as to what we were driving at! The muddle we have got into over this whole business of "fiction" is amazing, when one thinks of it. Poetry is a still more boggy theme, to be sure,—let us hasten to turn our backs on it. Fact, truth, fiction, the real, the romantic, the ideal,—are these live words? Or are they dead counters, to be shuffled about as we will?

It was a long time ago that Pilate clinched his immortality by merely inquiring, What was Truth? A good many centuries later somebody—was it Byron?—remarked that It was stranger than Fiction. But we are now being earnestly assured on many hands that Fiction is at least as true as Truth. And barking at our heels, while we try to engage each other in quiet literary conversation, is the rude word "Fact," demanding that some one shall pay it a little attention, and tell us what *it* is, and where it came from, and what it is doing at the party. Now the truth is, fact is often fiction—but let us pause for a moment, and advance with every appearance of caution.

I suppose the meaning of Pilate's famous inquiry was, "What is the deep and abiding reality in life?" Every man must answer that for himself in a way, and does answer it. He has various aids in formulating his answer,—experience, observation, religion, even art. But of course Byron wasn't thinking of an abstraction. What he meant was simply that the things that happen, the facts of experience, are often more strikingly improbable than the things that are imagined. We all know this is true,—we need only read the newspapers to have it brought home to us every week. Coincidences happen, bits of lurid incident take place before our eyes, which a theatre audience would laugh at. There are interventions of chance, feats of heroism, eventualities so startling that no manager of melodrama or "movie" would dare ask an audience to credit them. Here is one that, because I heard of it at first-hand, made more impression on me than if I had read it in a newspaper. It is literally true, I know that; and it is utterly preposterous,—you could not make a story of it that anybody would believe. An undertaker was leaving home for two days. There was a sick woman at a neighbor's boarding-house, a stranger in the village. The landlady was afraid the woman would die while the undertaker was away. He said she might be laid out in his own parlor till his return: his wife is used to things and doesn't mind, though she will be alone in the house. He returns late the second night,—he is not expected home till morning. There is a light in the parlor. He lets himself in, finds the sheeted figure he has half-expected, uncovers the face with a professional hand: it is his wife. Now the mere fact is easily explained; but there is no use in explaining such a thing—for the purposes of the story-teller. It is too preposterously neat in its tragic irony.

This happened some years ago, two miles north of my desk. Only the other day, two miles south of it, there was another incident which for bitter squalid pathos no "naturalist" could overmatch: the death, in every circumstance of meaningless horror, of a negro washerwoman. I shall not tell that thing. If the other incident had its element of artistic irony too complete for credibility, this one (am I here betraying a creed outworn?) is quite as complete in its disability for sane interpretation. It remains in my

mind as one of those human experiences which we rightly try to keep in their places as mere items of sordid and sickening fact. It will not do to dwell upon them and magnify them: that way madness lies. Many such facts, it is true, are now employed as a basis for the thing called fiction, or for the "story" in the journalistic sense. But for the art of story-telling, they do not exist.

You see what we win by narrowing our vocabulary. When we speak of a story, we are thinking of something fairly concrete and intelligible. For a story, if it is worth telling, is a thing organic, or at least composed. It hangs together, has a beginning, a middle, and an end,—has, above all, a meaning. Read a tale in the Arabian Nights, or in Boccaccio, and you have the story in its essence. You may expand or vary it indefinitely, in substance or in meaning, and yet not change its nature. If the golden material is there, the size of the product is largely (I don't say altogether) a question of arrangement. Every story has, perhaps, its natural, or preferable, scale. But I confess myself pretty skeptical as to the value of all our talk about a distinct and "new" art of the short story. Many of the best stories of our time are in the short form. But is this true altogether because they were preordained for that form, or partly because the longer form which we call the novel has been so generally diverted to other uses than the uses of story-telling? Having been a reviewer for many years, I may own that, for my part, I have been unceasingly engaged in extricating myself from the labyrinths of modern "fiction" by hanging to the clue of the story.

I don't mean by this the "plot." What, then, do I mean? How do I know a story when I see one? What is a "good story," giving the phrase its highest possible meaning? Well, I shall content myself with saying that I think I have—and that very many of us have—a natural instinct about that, if we do not permit ourselves to be robbed of it. But many of the people who use the extended story form, or something like it, and many of the people who praise them for having written something other than a story under cover of that form, are very busy trying to rob us of just this instinct. To begin with, they ask us to believe that a novel is something different from a story, and that it is something bigger and better. I believe that the great

novels are first of all great stories, and that we love them for that, however much we may admire them for other things. And if I believe that "Pride and Prejudice" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham" are great books, as well as "Ivanhoe" or "The Scarlet Letter," it is because I believe that,—scale, manner, intellectual, moral, aesthetic, and other accessories apart,—they are all great examples of the story-teller's art.

It is for this reason that I deplore our servility in the presence of sundry set and unduly emphasized distinctions—as between realism and romanticism, between the novel of incident and the novel of character or of fact or of ideas. These distinctions are all useful enough as far as they go. But it is not necessary to bow down to them as before a row of idols. There is infinite gradation in these matters. The attempt to draw hard and fast lines has got criticism into such a mess that we are now fain to pull ourselves out with the aid of monstrous categories like "romantic realism," "realistic romance," and so on.

A good deal of light is thrown upon one of the places that have been darkened by this sort of counsel in a recent "Nation" article by Mr. Stuart P. Sherman. His immediate object is a searching—and scorching—analysis of the books of Mr. Theodore Dreiser. Mr. Dreiser, of course, is a professed realist. He is out after the truth with a small *t*; no gloss of imagination or theory is to sully with its gold the pure tin of his pages. Mr. Sherman points out the fact that, like all realists who are in any sense whatever story-tellers, Mr. Dreiser's work, instead of a ruthless camera-process, represents a clear and consistent (if paltry) interpretation of life. "There is no such thing," says Mr. Sherman, "as a 'cross-section' or 'slice' or 'photograph' of life in art—least of all in the realistic novel. The use of these words is but a clever hypnotizing pass of the artist, employed to win the assent of the reader to the reality of the show, and, in some cases, to evade moral responsibility for any questionable features of the exhibition. A realistic novel no more than any other type of novel can escape being a composition, involving pre-conception, imagination, and divination."

And what does this mean but that, as we are saying, the novel, in so far as it is a work of art, is, for a' that and a' that, a story: an

interpreting narrative, as definitely inspired, and at its height as purely wrought, as a poem or a statue. As for Mr. Dreiser, nature gave him the story-telling instinct, and he happened to find his material in his own back yard. In his first book, "Sister Carrie," that instinct asserted itself to good purpose, though at times it nearly lost itself among the rubbish. In his latest novel, "The 'Genius,'" it is quite gone, buried somewhere under the mountain of malodorous litter upon which Mr. Dreiser still broods with innocent and earnest devotion—as a hen will brood her clutch of pebbles long after you have taken her last egg from her. To such futile employment the grosser realistic illusion, which, if Mr. Sherman likes, we will call naturalism, may bring even a born story-teller.

I have said that the great story is purely wrought. I mean that it is sound as to substance and well-knit as to structure. Only the short tale need be close-knit, and then largely (as with the play) for extraneous reasons. "Jean-Christophe" is a great story no more in spite of than because of its many volumes. The excellence of "Joseph Vance" as a story is in no way compromised either by its length, by its digressions, or by that air of negligence upon which Mr. De Morgan so ingenuously plumes himself. When Mr. Kipling made his famous declaration about the nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, he was justifiably challenging the critics who wish (or are supposed to wish) to tie down artists with petty rules. But not one of those ways, however unruly, can afford to be really lawless. Even the tribe has its standards, or at least its touchstones. However it vary in size or pattern, in color or texture or stitch, our good story is a web well knitted, and not a chance jumbling of parti-colored threads. Mr. Joseph Conrad's stitch is singularly intricate, but there is no doubt about the firmness of his fabric. Even Mr. Henry James—but the interests of neutrality now urge that we be chary of attempting to reduce that expansive Briton to a nutshell.

And if an immense variety of pattern and weft is available for the true story-teller, there is not less surely a vast choice of materials. The simpler and more primitive (but not on that account despicable) forms of yarn or tale deal naturally with incident and type rather than with sustained action and the development of character. We have a right

to insist, in a general way, that the longer the story,—the longer we are asked by the storyteller to associate with his persons,—the more justified we shall be in expecting them to find that they are real beings, and not mere types or mouthpieces; that the action shall be interesting because it has to do with them—instead of their being simply puppets necessary for its carrying on. To be sure, a puppet is an admirable thing in a puppet-show; and a puppet-show, or its written equivalent, is a pure if rudimentary vehicle for the storyteller. The exasperating and maddening thing is the sort of fiction, or figment, in which mere puppets are connected with an action demanding real characters. I suppose more long narratives are offered us, year in and year out, which deserve to be condemned on this ground than on any other. Sham characterization is a chief mark of what Mr. Wister has called the "quack-novel"; and a disheartening fact it is that so many of our confirmed story-readers—though not, I am sure, most of them—are satisfied to accept, under the well-sounding label of "fiction," these empty travesties of human action and character.

As for the rest of us—which means, I am happy to believe, the great majority—if we could get rid of the muddle of terms, and stop harping upon differences of taste as to unessentials, should we not find ourselves pretty comfortably agreed as to what we really ask of our writers of prose narrative? We ask, I suggest, such a handling of sturdy fact or creative fancy as shall illumine some aspect of human truth—of the truth that is truer than either fact or fiction. To such a narrative, however colored by personal observation, thought, or imagination, I like to think the fine old word "story" may be fitly awarded as a symbol of merit.

H. W. BOYNTON.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN LONDON.

CAPRICES OF THE RARE BOOK COLLECTOR.—A NEW STUDY OF OSCAR WILDE.—SIR SIDNEY LEE'S "LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE" IN A NEW EDITION.—THE LATE STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

It is a noticeable thing that though publishing has been so badly hit by the war and the ordinary second-hand book trade has also suffered, the prices fetched by old and rare

books at the great auctions have been well maintained, and in some cases have beaten records. At first sight puzzling, this fact is not inexplicable. Persons with modest incomes, on whom, by virtue of their numbers, the book-trade in the larger and more popular sense must depend, are feeling the economic pinch, and are, for the most part, inclined to think of books as dispensable luxuries. But the collectors of rare books are a small and peculiar class. In the first place, they are normally well-to-do, and still have money to play with in spite of the present raids on their pockets and appeals to their patriotism. And in the second place, they are such slaves to their hobby that they would go on buying as long as they had a penny left. To what the passion can lead a man is shown in the late George Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Gissing in his early days, when he lived in a garret and read Æschylus, used often to have to consider the question of book *versus* meal. Standing before a beautiful old volume in a shop-window, he would poise his last sixpence in his hand and wonder whether to do without the book or go without his dinner. The book always won; for, he argued, if he bought the book he would have it a week afterwards, but *on sont les diners d'antan?* Had he been more prosperous, no such trifles as Armageddon would have restricted his bids at auctions when first editions of North's "Plutarch" or Sir Thomas Browne came up. That is what the book-collector is like. And beyond this, there is of course the influence of the American purchaser. American competition is the factor that has sent the prices of books, as of pictures, up so enormously in recent years; and that factor is still operative. Americans appear to be buying more freely than ever; we may be said, in a sense, to be bartering Folios for Munitions of War. The more valuable the book the more American competition for it becomes operative.

I was talking on the subject a day or two ago to one of the best London dealers in incunabula and other rare books. He spoke of the large American purchases; at the same time he complained that American buying was unsystematic and capricious. He could never make sure, he said, what he would place in America; few Americans appeared to specialize in a particular type or period of book. Possibly this is true; I know nothing about it. But one may say of collectors all the world over that one cannot quite make out why they collect what they do collect, and why they do not collect what they do not collect. With first editions of famous authors

MS. 6.1.6, min. 150

may well illuminate something in the elaborate argument; and, after all, every man then living was or was not Mr. W. H., and every woman was either dark or fair. But it is a change to come to a great mass of hard facts, however trivial, after the deluge of "æsthetic" appreciation of Shakespeare, and the endless attempts to deduce "The Man" (failing any more trustworthy sources!) from his Works. Sir Sidney Lee makes no bones about his own proclivities. He is a "dryasdust," and proud of it,—a thorough and painstaking and extraordinarily sensible dryasdust. The result is that he is anything but dry. His judgments on controversial points are always worth having, though, like all Shakespearean controversialists, he tends to think that 1 probability + 1 probability = 1 certainty. But his accumulation of facts is so enormous and his detail so precise that his book would be fascinating reading even if one took no particular interest in Shakespeare at all and did not care whether or not he was Bacon. As a work of reference concerning Shakespeareana, this book with its appendices has no rival; it even provides one with bibliographies of all the more important aspects of the Shakespeare Question. I observe—I had not observed it before—that by a tragic coincidence one of the witnesses to Shakespeare's Last Will and Testament bore the surname of Shaw. I also had not realized before that the German taste for "Unser Shaxpur" developed very early. Two of Shakespeare's plays, in a very mutilated form, were published in a German translation in 1620, only four years after the dramatist's death.

The death of Stephen Phillips would have been much more widely noticed ten years ago. From 1899 to 1905, when his early poems and dramas—"Marpessa," "Christ in Hades," "Herod," "Paolo and Francesca," and so on—were being published, all but the most level-headed critics were raving about his genius. He was, they said, another Webster, another Wordsworth, another Milton, even another Shakespeare. In sober truth, he was a man of sensibility, with a liking for words and a knowledge of the stage, who had nothing new to say and no new way in which to say it. Almost everywhere in his verse you may see that his *memory* is dominating,—his memory of either the melody of Tennyson or the march of Milton. The success of the pleasant imitator was as transient as it was great; and of late years (he has been ill, and writing poorly, too) he occupied the unenviable position of the man who has survived his early

popularity. His best play was "Paolo and Francesca," and he did one or two slight lyrics (such as "Beautiful Are the Dead") which anthologists may use.

London, Dec. 20, 1915. J. C. SQUIRE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A NEW JUSTIFICATION OF THE NOVEL IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY is offered by Mr. Montrose J. Moses in the New York "Evening Post." We are all familiar with the prominently displayed bargain in the shop window, a display that is hoped to win custom for other goods also in the same emporium. Apparently with this in mind Mr. Moses writes, in the course of his article, "In Defence of Novels," as follows: "Let us suppose that Mr. Tax Payer had had his way—that the buying of novels had been ruled out of the public libraries system, what would have happened? One of two things: either there would have been a greater buying of novels among the people, thus encouraging the output of fiction, or there would have sprung up a greater number of fiction libraries than there are, run strictly on a commercial basis. The public library would have found itself, therefore, working against a system which was reaping benefit through its neglect, and which was counteracting the public library's source of influence by keeping away from it a great many people who, unless it had novels to offer, would never go in. Most libraries look to the novel as a means of exploiting other books." It is undoubtedly true that such a novel as Erckmann-Chatrian's "Conscript" has prompted many a reader to make a serious study of the Napoleonic wars, and other romances have suggested other branches of research; but it is questionable whether "most libraries" (which may be taken to mean most librarians) consciously maintain that commercial attitude toward their fiction department which seems to be indicated in the foregoing. Novels have their own independent virtues, as do other books; like beauty they may be their own excuse for being.

. . .

SOME IRRATIONALITIES OF THE PRINTED PAGE, minor departures from that correctness in detail which every author and every printer ought to strive for, are brought to mind upon reading, with considerable entertainment and hearty approval, Mr. Charles Fitzhugh Talman's amusing "Atlantic" article, "Accents Wild." Though the writer claims for himself uniqueness in his irritation at the carelessness with which accents and umlauts and similar

diacritical marks are commonly used, many another observer must have noted with the same vexation this lack of scholarly accuracy. What accents are used in foreign words, and where they are placed, seems to be regarded as a matter of indifference, with an easy assumption that the more we have, the better; some at least are likely to land in the right place if we throw them in with sufficiently lavish hand. A very carefully edited New York newspaper persisted for some time in recording the military movements of one General Joffré, which was not unpardonable, though a little surprising. In one of the most popular of current war books, Mr. Frederick Palmer's "My Year of the Great War," he writes, in referring to the Kaiser and Berlin: "Not far away one had glimpses of the white statues of My Ancestors of the Sièges Allée, or avenue of victory," and he so likes the look of this impossible thoroughfare that he introduces it again on the next page, and still again on the one following, although he is describing an actual sojourn in the German capital and must have seen in print the word "Siegesallee" more than once. But there is a French word "siège" (which has nothing to do with "victory") and there is a French word "allée"; therefore he thinks to improve on the Kaiser's German by making the august Hohenzollerns adorn the "Sièges Allée." An irrationality of a different sort reveals itself in the following current news item, the newspaper, however, being blameless: "Five thousand cards mailed from the White House last evening read as follows: 'Mr. Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Norman Galt, née Edith Bolling, announce their marriage,'" etc. Most of us, not so fortunate as to be presidents' brides, have to wait until after birth, sometimes a whole week, or even longer, before acquiring a prefix to our patronymic.

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CRIMINAL SHEDDING OF INK, advocacy through the printing press of doctrines or policies fraught with evil, may be less horrible than criminal bloodshed, or on the other hand it may be worse than any single act of violence if it incites masses of men to excesses of brutality. The number of pens in this country at present engaged in urging the necessity of immediate preparation for war (though they may call it simply armed defence) is beyond counting; and this frenzied activity illustrates, apart from all questions of ethics or of expediency, that habit of false and hasty reasoning which Herbert Spencer found typified in the involuntary impulse that makes an onlooker bestir himself to jerk

into an upright position the man who has slipped and fallen, and who needs at the moment nothing so much as to be left for a brief space to catch his breath and rally his powers. An instant's reflection ought to make clear, whatever one's attitude toward war in general, that now, when a large part of the world is rapidly bleeding to death, or to exhaustion, the danger of attack upon this country is reduced to a minimum; and that now, of all times, is the proper season to cherish some reasonable expectation of success in the age-long endeavor to devise a practicable substitute for war as a means of settling international disputes. Let us at least wait and see whether some league to enforce peace may not take promising shape when the battle-smoke at present filling the air shall have cleared away. On higher grounds than mere expediency and common sense there is of course much to urge against what the panic-mongers call "preparedness." Never before has there been offered so fine an opportunity to show the world that our traditional policy in things military comes near to being the one right policy to pursue. Never before has this country had such a chance or been so well able to assume leadership in a worthy cause. But here is no place for detailed argument or for indulgence in long-winded moralizing. Let it suffice to quote the words of Isaac Disraeli, written a century ago, but never so applicable as now: "War has corrupted the morals of the people, and has occasioned them to form horrible ideas of virtue."

...

THE INADEQUACY OF TRANSLATIONS, even the best, is undeniable. Consequently one is not prepared to criticize as altogether extravagant the language of a writer in "The Unpopular Review" who, discussing "The Way of the Translator," goes so far as to assert that "the translation of literature is a meddling—an irreverence, a sacrilege. It is this because it is impossible, and it is impossible because it is this." Again, in the same strain, he says: "Literature is art, and art is emotion. Emotion is inspiration, a divine thing, the most delicate and the most sacred in human existence. . . Translation is meddling with inspiration, blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." He is also moved to exclaim: "The older generation may thank God for bringing them into the world in time to go to college before every housetop in Jerusalem became a pulpit for some sophomore or state legislator preaching in bad grammar the glories of the superficial and the shameful waste of the deep things of God." Impassioned eloquence we have

here, surely, and if it turns but a single reader to the serious study of one great work of foreign literature in the original, it will not have been wasted. At the same time, even though oranges and figs ought to be eaten ripe from the tree if one would get their full flavor, it would be absurd for us of a colder clime to deny ourselves oranges and figs altogether. To be consistent, moreover, the writer should have called it an irreverence to attempt to read in the original any work not written in one's mother tongue; for only the native Italian can fully understand and enjoy his Dante and his Petrarca, only the Spaniard can thoroughly appreciate Cervantes and Calderón. Translations, except of scientific treatises, business letters, or other technical matter, are always inadequate; yet they have their uses and sometimes their very conspicuous virtues. What would English literature (to push speculation no further) be like to-day if all English writers had been obliged to go to the Hebrew and Greek for their knowledge of the Bible, or forego such knowledge entirely?

...

FROM AN OLD SCHOOLBOY, a graduate of the same preparatory academy as the present writer, these few sentences from a letter addressed to the school principal offer themselves for quotation: "Somehow tag-ends of memories bob up unexpectedly. Yesterday I was trying to translate, with the aid of a dictionary, a French official war communiqué, when some French word suddenly called up the picture of Mr. Davis sitting back in his chair before his class and making an alien language fairly live. His knack of making boys think in French and read their texts through French eyes was marvellous. Anyone who has heard him illuminate and vivify 'l'Abbé Constantin' by the little phrases and remarks he drops out in passing, cannot escape without having learned much more of French than is in the textbooks. Is Mr. Hecker still at Roxbury? I hope so. Although I have worked in about fifteen different cities since I left school, and have left a part of my personal effects in each one, I still have in my trunk the card index of Latin idioms with which he used to make sight translation of Cicero mere child's play. I shall never forget how he hammered those idioms into our heads, one by one, and then drove each idiom home with a final witty remark. After we had learned those few-score idioms, reading Cicero at sight was much easier than reading the war news of to-day." No doubt Cicero, accomplished rhetorician though he was, stuck closer to the truth than the present-day writer

of war dispatches, even official ones. The whole letter of which a small part is here given prompts one to quote, for the benefit of schoolboys now groaning under what may seem to them an unbearable linguistic grind, the Virgilian tag, "*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*" But what can those words mean to the schoolboy until long after he has left school?

...

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK FOR THE SOUTH presents itself to that loyal Southerner, Professor Archibald Henderson, as highly promising. His Phi Beta Kappa address at Tulane University last June has been printed in pamphlet form, and no Southerner can read it without rejoicing in his birthright, no Northerner without some momentary regret at having been born north of Mason and Dixon's line. Although, as Professor Henderson admits, the Hall of Fame on University Heights has but one of its fifty-one tablets devoted to a distinctively literary genius of the South—Edgar Allan Poe (and he was born in Boston, of English parentage)—appreciation of good literature and a fondness for the classics were early developed in the southern States, though the call to authorship failed to make itself heard there long after the North had produced writers of more than local repute. But with the South again resuming something of its old political leadership a quickening of other activities, including the writing of books, is looked for. "To-day, as we stand upon the threshold of this new era," declares the Phi Beta Kappa orator, "there must come to all of us a sense of joyous elation, a leaping of the blood, that it is given to us to live in such a country." Surely, in that spirit, if in any, is high-hearted literature produced.

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A PROSPECTIVE SERIES OF IMPORTANT ARTICLES is announced by the "Wisconsin Library Bulletin." Believing that a lively interest in American public libraries exists throughout the library profession, together with a very prevalent ignorance on the same subject, the editors of the "Bulletin" are planning a succession of ten papers from experts, to be published in its columns during the present year, dealing with leading American libraries. First, Mr. Walter M. Smith, librarian at Wisconsin University, is to enrich the January number with an account of Wisconsin libraries, including the activities of the library commission, the university library, the historical library, the college, normal school, and public library, as they are to-day performing their several functions in that State. Chicago libraries will next be handled by Miss

Louise B. Krause and Miss Renée Stern, after which will come an article on Greater New York libraries by Miss Josephine A. Rathbone. The author of "The American Public Library," Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, St. Louis's well-known librarian, has promised to write about "American Public Libraries Which We Should Know." After this series it is hoped to offer a second on the more important libraries of other countries.

...

BOOKS THAT MAY RUN THE BLOCKADE NOW maintained by the all-powerful British navy against free commerce on the part of her enemies are specified by Sir Richard Crawford, commercial adviser of the British Embassy, in a communication to the foreign-trade adviser of our Department of State. Books in German or other language, from the enemies of Great Britain, and of a philosophical, scientific, technical, or educational character, will be allowed to pass if destined for universities, colleges, or public bodies. Applications for the transmission of such freight should be vouched for, in respect to the good faith of the applicants, by some official authority. The Librarian of Congress has volunteered to act as this authority, and applications from those institutions desiring to import books otherwise subject to detention should be sent to him. After satisfying himself of the applicant's good faith, the Librarian of Congress will give his official voucher, the application will be forwarded to the foreign-trade adviser of the State Department, who in turn will send it to the British Embassy at Washington with an unofficial request that a permit for the shipment of the books in question be issued; and after a sufficient interval the books may actually be received. Thus is war a fertile producer of red tape as well as of other negatively valuable things.

...

THE EXPLOSION OF A PRETTILY PATHETIC MYTH sends its reverberations from France to our shores. Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn writes from Paris to the Boston "Transcript" that the late Henri Fabre, variously known as the insects' Homer, the Lucretius of Provence, and (with gentle humor) the Sherlock Holmes of the bugs, was very far from being destitute, or anywhere near it, in his latter days. Prizes in some abundance had been awarded him by the French Academy and the Academy of Sciences, and these prizes took the form of cash, sometimes to the amount of five thousand francs. His books, too, developed a ready sale as their author's fame spread, and his family connections included persons (such

as a councillor of the court of Nîmes) who were able and willing to assure him a comfortable old age. Consequently he was no little vexed by the report, spread abroad by a journalist who interpreted his simple mode of life as an evidence of poverty, that the venerable naturalist was suffering actual want. The display of obtrusive solicitude and vulgar curiosity caused by this and like reports was exceedingly disagreeable to their victim, who resorted to various devices for the avoidance of a hateful publicity. After all, there was pathos in his later experiences, but not the pathos of poverty.

...

A FOREIGNER'S TRIBUTE TO OUR LIBRARY SYSTEM is always gratifying, as tending to prove that not invariably do "they order this matter better in France," or even in Germany. Such a testimonial is made public in a New York journal, in the form of a letter addressed to its editor in these terms: "Sir: May I be permitted, as a stranger in a strange land, to offer through the medium of your hospitable columns a word of appreciation of the excellent service furnished by the New York Public Library? The attachés thereof know me not from Noah's niece; yet on more than one occasion have I consulted them, even by telephone, regarding more or less recondite matters. Ever have my queries been answered with courtesy, with accuracy—yea, with erudition. And it seems but meet that I should herein and hereby offer my acknowledgments. Emanuel Elzas." To Europeans, familiar with the deliberation of their own library officials, the American quickness of response must come as a delightful revelation.

...

THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE, if we are to believe Mr. Edgar R. Harlan, Curator of Iowa's Historical Department, will be recorded very largely on cinematograph films. Mr. Harlan is said to have collected already more than fifty thousand feet of such films, on which are photographed local events of importance occurring within the last three years; and these ten miles or more of graphic history are to receive regular additions, so that the Iowa schoolboy or schoolgirl of the future will learn the recent history of that state by sitting in front of a screen and keeping his or her eyes open. Of course this is no new application of the cinematograph. We have all seen some late memorable events, including perhaps battle scenes in France or Flanders, pictured on the screen. Other studies besides history—surgery, for instance—are now advantageously pursued with the aid of moving pictures.

COMMUNICATIONS.

EYESTRAIN AND LITERATURE: AN ILLUSTRATIVE CASE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

For nearly a score of years I have persistently directed the attention of literary and medical men to the fact that what oculists call eyestrain has two morbid effects upon literature: it paralyzes literary creativeness and morbidizes what is created. But it seems that I have labored in vain, at least so far as concerns my most prized literary journal, THE DIAL. I have, I judge, shown that a large number of literary men have in the past been afflicted in this way. At last, in the case of John Hay, we had an instance of positive and convincing clearness; but your reviewer of Mr. Thayer's "Life and Letters" (issue of November 11, 1915) not only makes no mention of this striking and pitiful fact, but traces Hay's "desertion" of literature and his unproductivity to his "mood and not the want of inborn ability."

In order to make clear that the cause of Hay's literary unproductivity was not due to ineffectual lapse and want of literary idealism, will you spare me one or two of your pages for some quotations which will show that your reviewer should at least have more than mentioned his biographer's oft repeated citation of the real cause?

At college there are two reasons why such an intellectual and ambitious young man as Hay would illustrate industry and good scholarship. How was it? Let us consider these quotations from Mr. Thayer's book:

"He was never seen 'digging,' or doing any other act or thing that could be construed into hard study."

"Throughout the autumn and winter, Hay experienced that disenchantment with the world, etc. . . It coincided with one of his periodic fits of melancholia."

"If my health returns I do not question but that I shall work out of these shadows."

"I can bear — but I am sure to die soon."

"There seems no doubt that he suffered from poor health that winter."

Throughout Hay's life, and throughout the lives of the great majority of those who read and write a great deal, there are constantly recurring demonstrations that such near use of the eyes produces not only diseases of the eyes, but more decided diseases of the brain, of the general nervous and nutritional systems. Witness a few quotations referring to the dozen or more years from the age of thirty-eight to that of fifty. Soon after taking up editorial charge of the "Tribune," he writes: "— see with what eyes are left me, and write till the time of the stereotypes comes," etc.

"When Hay's own health was impaired, by night work on *The Tribune*, his abandonment of journalism followed."

"Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain;
Give me the melting heart of other years."

"In life's high noon
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,

And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun,
That will go down too soon."

"During much of his stay in Vienna his health had been bad, a reason for his wishing to come home."

"Serious trouble with his eyes caused him to forego writing for several months. He seems to have suffered from what later oculists diagnose as eyestrain, which caused headaches, nervous dyspepsia, and depression."

"Health so seriously impaired that the doctor told him he must lie off all summer."

"At Schlangenbad, took the baths and was assured by Dr. Bauman, who looked him over, that 'there was nothing serious.' At Schwalbach, Dr. Carl Genth examined his eyes, and 'saw no organic trouble whatever.'"

"While travelling through England and the Continent, he was more quiet than in Cleveland." For a month or so on his return to Cleveland he "imagined he felt better," but "the other day I had the most ridiculous attack I have ever had — I thought I was dead for half an hour. The doctor said it was nothing at all serious — simply the effect of a cold. But I feel rickety yet. I have been trying my best to get to work again, with very indifferent success."

"I have only one aspiration in life, to get out of office and stop having the headache."

"I am still not well, and the doctor tells me not to be worried if I take a month more to get well in."

"Manitou Springs or Colorado Springs became henceforth his chosen resorts for recuperation."

"I saw some doctors who told me without collusion that if I would stay in Paris 40 days and take douche baths I would be well. They were both great swells and the coincidence of their views rather struck me. I remembered also that it took exactly the same time in Noah's day to cure the world of most of its infirmities by the same method; and so, like an ass, I gave up, or rather, postponed, my trip to the South and went through my douches, with, of course, no result whatever. I went back to my doctors, and reported. One said: Better stop your douches! Go to Cannes and amuse yourself! You will soon be all right. Forty francs! Thank you! Goodbye!

"The other said: *Eh bien!* Instead of six weeks, take three months of douches. Take them in Cannes, if you like, or in Nice; and with that he gave me an entire change of drugs; — forty francs! Thank you, *bon voyage!* There was nothing Noachian about three months, so I came away determined to do nothing he told me."

"I have been so inert and lifeless since I came over here [Paris] that I have not written a letter except on the stimulus of receiving one. I have never been so idle in my life. It was of set purpose, and I think it has been wholesome."

"I was still rather miserable and at last went to two doctors, W. B., an American Egyptian, and the famous C., the same day. They both advised the same thing, douche baths, tonics, and bromides."

"At your age Carlyle suffered precisely as you do, deep, nervous depression, persistent indigestion and loss of sleep — a general disaster and irritation of the entire nervous system. His misery seems to have been of the keenest character. Yet he lived to be 86 years of age, and the last 25 years of his life were comparatively healthy and free from pain."

"Like the fever patient who, on his recovery, finds the morphine habit fixed upon him."

"I do not know that I have much hope of ever improving my health, but the doctors give me the

usual futile assurance that I will be better out of Washington in the summer time."

"I had even written a few pages when I was struck with partial blindness. I have had numerous doctors at me almost ever since . . . hope by taking it easy this summer to be well next fall."

"My old foe, the headache, is lying in wait for me, but I hope to get free. I write with great labor and difficulty—my imagination is all gone—a good riddance. I shall never write easily and fluently again."

"I found myself breaking down with the nervous fatigue of writing and copying. I therefore hired a stenographer. It is a great gain."

"I am sick abed—but the Doctor thinks I am gaining on him and will be out of his hands this week."

"I have lost 10 pounds since June. I want to get done with this work" i. e., the Lincoln History.

"When Hay was driven to dictation—the foe to durable writing—he further depersonalized his style."

"There are lots of pretty things in this rickety old planet, if we could only have the enterprise to look for them and the nerves to enjoy them. But—*cheu fugaces*—I ought to have done my enjoying while the day lasted."

"I shall work, not because I feel like it, but because I hate it, and because I feel that my time is waning."

From the age of fifty on, as all oculists know, the loss of accommodation, or the progress of presbyopia, causes greater suffering and a greater inability to write and read. The following quotations bear ample witness:

"I am a worthless creature destitute of initiative."

"The doctor tells me I have thermal fever, the result of the baths."

"My fool of a doctor has discovered another mortal malady in me, which tickled him very much, and disgusted me."

"I get up with the impression that I will drop to pieces during the day."

"All I lack is a stomach to eat and drink withal, eyes to see withal."

"I am filled to the lips with the *amari aliquid* of age and infirmities."

"I feel as though I should not look at anything much longer. I am getting a very bad pair of eyes on me."

"I have developed two or three more mortal diseases since I came here and am going to New York next week for Vivisection. . . There is nothing like being given up by the Doctors. It is a certificate of longevity."

"His health, never robust, became more and more precarious under the strain [of routine office work]. More than once he was on the verge of breaking down."

"His health did not permit him to return to Washington until October, 1900."

"My short remnant of life, of little use to my friends, and none to myself."

"His gradually failing health."

"His health visibly declined for several months showed such alarming symptoms that his physicians prescribed for him a complete rest from official duties and treatment at Nauheim."

"I tried to walk this afternoon, but it was tough work. By going very slowly and stopping often I was able to cover about a mile—but the pain does not pass away as it used. It continued all the way home." He went to take the cure at Nauheim.

"All the Doctors tell me I am going to get well but that it will be a matter of some months yet."

"My doctor is an austere Bavarian, and does not mince matters. I asked why Rixey and Osler never discovered the hole, or rather bump, in my heart. He said:—'Perhaps they did not want you to know it; or perhaps they could not find it. There are few men in the world so sure of their affair as I am.'"

It is now known by many oculists, and by more patients, that scientific correction of the defects of shape and function of the eyes of literary workers would not only avoid a vast deal of their sufferings, but would insure a greater and better literature. In none is "the mood" at fault, nor "the want of inborn ability," but primarily the unhealth of the eyes, and following this the sickness of the nervous and general systems.

GEORGE M. GOULD.

Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 24, 1915.

AN INTERESTING BIT OF FOLK POETRY. (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Folk literature is always attractive, but I have seldom come across a more pleasing bit of it than a Christmastide poem which was given to me orally and which, at least so far as I have been able to ascertain, has never been printed. The woman who furnished it to me learned it from her mother nearly half a century ago, and the mother in turn seems to have obtained it in England. It is evidently one variant of a rather ancient original, as a poem having similar structure and embodying some of the same images was used by a group of English singers in this country several years ago. The latter, I think, has likewise remained unpublished.

The poem suggests, as will be observed, an English origin. The conception of the twelve days of Christmas belongs to northern Europe, this being due, of course, to the fact that the period from Christmas Day to the Epiphany in the Christian year was a substitute for a similar period observed in late pagan times in honor of Odin and Freyja. The vocabulary of the poem is thoroughly English, as are also the ideas, indicating that the work is not a translation from another Germanic language.

The origin of the poem, I should say, was in middle or lower class society—probably the former—rather than among the nobility. The line,

"Eleven lords a-leaping,"

shows almost as naïve a conception of the aristocracy as do the counting-house king and the bread-and-honey-eating queen of the Mother Goose rhyme. The other gifts enumerated suggest somewhat the mercantile magnificence of a Renaissance burgher.

The poem runs as follows:

"On the first day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
A beautiful juniper tree.

"On the second day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the third day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Three French hens,

Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the fourth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the fifth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the sixth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Six chests of linen,
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the seventh day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Seven swans swimming,
Six chests of linen,
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the eighth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Eight ladies dancing,
Seven swans swimming,
Six chests of linen,
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the ninth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Nine fiddlers fiddling,
Eight ladies dancing,
Seven swans swimming,
Six chests of linen,
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the tenth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Ten men a-hunting,
Nine fiddlers fiddling,
Eight ladies dancing,
Seven swans swimming,
Six chests of linen,
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the eleventh day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Eleven lords a-leaping,

Ten men a-hunting,
Nine fiddlers fiddling,
Eight ladies dancing,
Seven swans swimming,
Six chests of linen,
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree.

"On the twelfth day of Christmas
My true love sent to me
Twelve bulls a-roaring,
Eleven lords a-leaping,
Ten men a-hunting,
Nine fiddlers fiddling,
Eight ladies dancing,
Seven swans swimming,
Six chests of linen,
Five gold rings,
Four colored balls,
Three French hens,
Two turtledoves,
Sitting in a beautiful juniper tree."

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD.

Manhattan, Kan., Dec. 27, 1915.

WOMEN IN THE BOOKSTORES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The book-buying season is over for a year. Not until another Christmas comes round will the General Public, which depends on libraries and avidly devours the cheaper magazines, have any appreciable use for the bookstores. Meanwhile, let us adjure publishers, booksellers, college women, and all others interested in the survival of the private library and the resuscitation of the book trade, to recall, re-read, and ponder upon Mr. Earl Barnes's article in the August "Atlantic Monthly," entitled "A New Profession for Women." The new profession is the ownership and management of bookstores, to be run on a very limited capital, by means of a benevolent "on sale" arrangement, made possible by intelligent publishers' interest in increasing their terminal facilities. I have, to be sure, scant faith in the publishers' seeing with Mr. Barnes's eye in this matter. His main proposal strikes us as a fantastic piece of chivalry to woman, that would soon put all the present book men out of business and leave the matter in a sorrier mess than it is now. But the value of women as bookclerks — intelligent women, if not college-trained — is another matter. Incidentally I would suggest to Mr. Barnes that the best practical training for an educated woman who contemplates running a bookstore is to help run one. The popularization of the woman bookclerk is an innovation I strongly advocate. This Christmas I bought part of my books in a country bookstore, where the proprietor's daughter, a college graduate, is the presiding genius. This woman knew what books she had. She could furnish intelligent information about what she had not. She was acquainted with everybody in her town; and her suggestions to local buyers were valuable and valued. This woman loves books and people; she puts her personality into the business of book-

selling, in a fashion at once typically feminine and essential in a business that cannot be taken impersonally. Her eager, patient, ingenious service made that subsequently furnished by the men in a city store seem capable and willing, but very cold and stodgy, unsuggestive and unenterprising. "Why don't you have some woman here?" I asked the proprietor, a man known in the trade for his intelligent and successful management of his business. "Why, I don't know," he returned indifferently. "We had one, one Christmas. She disliked climbing the ladder to the upper stock-shelves. We never tried another; it's contrary to tradition." Now most book-buyers are women. Naturally they will establish closer, more helpful relations with saleswomen than with men. Women read more than men; they are usually defter at "skimming." Women are enthusiastic, and enthusiasm is contagious. Therefore we believe that the educated woman's ability to increase book-buying, by intelligent service in bookstores, is worthy serious consideration from all persons interested in the issue.

MARGARET ARMSTRONG.

Dec. 28, 1915.

LITERARY HONORS IN JAPAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am not sure, but I think that it was the late Senator Matt Quay, at any rate it was some old political "boss," who referred disrespectfully, ungrammatically, and even profanely to "them d—d literary fellers." He meant certain literary men who had taken an active part in political affairs in opposition to some of his pet schemes or favorite methods of political pull. Anyhow, he expressed most vigorously the idea that such men were not worthy of honor or even of respect.

I am glad, however, to be able to call attention to the fact that, in Japan, "literary fellers" are considered worthy of the Imperial favor, even of Imperial honor. The scholar, whether in politics or out of politics, is one whom "the king delighteth to honor." For example, it may be noted that many coronation honors were conferred upon scholars and educators. And a special provision of the Constitution enables the Emperor to appoint men of erudition to membership in the House of Peers.

Among scholars and educators recently honored with decorations by the Emperor, in connection with the Coronation ceremonies, we find Presidents Amano and Kamada of Waseda and Keio Universities, Tokyo; Dr. T. Harada, President of Doshisha University (Christian), Kyoto, and author of "The Faith of Japan"; President Naruse, of the Woman's University, Tokyo; Hon. S. Ebara, head of Azabu Middle School, Tokyo; Dr. K. Ibuka (Presbyterian) and Dr. S. Motoda (Episcopalian), principals of Christian Middle Schools in Tokyo; Professor Saito, author of text-books in English grammar; Mrs. Yajima, formerly principal of a Presbyterian girls' school in Tokyo, and President of the Japanese Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Miss Ume Tsuda, head of a girls' English normal school, Tokyo; and two or

three other female educators. Moreover, such a scientific scholar as Dr. Takamine, of New York City, was also honored. And, most interesting of all, posthumous honor was conferred upon the late Koizumi Yakumo, who is no other than Lafcadio Hearn! Posthumous honors were also conferred upon other literary celebrities, or educationalists, like Dr. Neeshima, founder of the Doshisha University; Mr. Obata, a former president of Keio University; Mr. Fukuchi, a well-known journalist and playwright; Dr. Nakamura, translator of Smiles's "Self Help"; and other lesser lights of literature. Moreover, although the list of peerage honors is not yet published, it is known that Dr. Yamakawa, President of the Imperial University, Tokyo, and Dr. Hozumi, emeritus law professor of the same university, and author of works in English on "Ancestor-Worship," will be honored with the rank of Baron. This is by no means a complete list; but it is sufficient to show that, in Japan, "them literary fellers" are not deemed unworthy of high Imperial honors. If republics are proverbially ungrateful, the sin of ingratitude cannot be laid at the door of the Empire of Japan.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, Dec. 17, 1915.

STILL MORE ABOUT DIPHTHONGS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In connection with my letter printed in your issue of Dec. 9, and the reply appended thereto, may I ask your indulgence to say:—

(1) That a discussion on the use of *ties*, or *ligatures*, on certain phonetic symbols, to bring out diphthongal characteristics, is not one of phonetic values, no matter how many reams of paper or columns of print Mr. Wallace Rice may use in trying to prove it so.

(2) That the alphabet recommended by the Committee of the National Education Association, for use in dictionaries and reference books, in February, 1911, is a very different thing from the Standard Phonetic Alphabet recommended by the American Philological Association and the Spelling Reform Association in July, 1877, but Mr. Wallace Rice ably confuses both.

(3) That the *practise* of all the great dictionaries may be ascertained by consulting the keys to the symbols which they use to indicate pronunciation. This is to indicate the diphthongs to which I referred by using symbols that show the diphthongal characteristics already mentioned by (a) plain letters in combination; (b) dots and dashes and curves and curlicues above and below the letters; (c) especially designed symbols or Anglo-Saxon letters, as the *edh* and *thorn*. Here permit me to say that more than two thousand years ago, Seneca taught that "Practise is better than precept." No matter what precepts Mr. Wallace Rice may draw from the work of Dr. Murray's assistants, the fact remains that the *practise* followed by Dr. Murray was to use symbols which indicate diphthongal characteristics.

(4) That nowhere in my book do I individually say "most phoneticists analyze this sound as a com-

bination of *t* and *sh*," as Mr. Rice asserts. It is true that the words appear upon page 291 of the book, but there they are quoted from the edition of "Webster's International Dictionary," copyrighted 1900, and reissued as "Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary," copyright 1913.

(5) That in 1791, John Walker started a discussion on the meaning of the word *diphthong*. Now, one hundred and twenty-five years later, Mr. Rice digs the skeleton of this discussion out of its grave and tries, very clumsily, to clothe it with flesh. No matter what Mr. Rice may think this word means, the fact remains that it has been defined by men who know.

(6) That, although challenged to "promptly withdraw" my "statement that 'one of the meanings of the word *diphthong* is a combination of two consonants in one syllable,'" because Mr. Rice says "at least, no such meaning attaches to the word in the New English, the New International, the Century, the Standard," and other dictionaries which he tells us "are all I have had time to consult," I most respectfully decline to do so, and rest my case upon the following facts:—

"The Standard," 1913, (p. 715, col. 3) says: "*diphthong*, n. 3. A combination, especially an intimate one, of two consonants in one syllable."

Murray's "New English Dictionary," 1897, (vol. 3, p. 383, col. 3) says: "*diphthong*, sb. (d) Applied to a combination of two consonants in one syllable (*consonantal diphthong*), especially such intimate unions as those of *ch* and *dg*."

"Webster's New International Dictionary," 1909, (p. 628, col. 3), says: "*diphthong*, n. 4. A combination of two consonants in one syllable, esp. when blending intimately, as *ch* in *chop*."

(7) Pitiful as my position concerning *th* may seem to Mr. Wallace Rice, the fact remains that we use the letters *t* and *h* in combination to represent two sounds. This is one of the points which the N. E. A. Committee on Phonetics sought to distinguish when it recommended the use of ligatured symbols. Two hundred and seventy years ago Ben Jonson, in his "English Grammar," drew attention to this double use. Said he, "*Th* Hath a double and doubtful sound, which must be found out by use of speaking . . . and in this consists the greatest difficulty of our alphabet, and true writing."

(8) That notwithstanding Mr. Rice's assertion that Dr. Wm. T. Harris "was not a phonetician," the fact remains that Harris was teaching phonetics in St. Louis in 1858, one year before Mr. Rice was born, and employed a phonetic alphabet in doing so in the public schools of St. Louis in 1866, when Mr. Rice was barely out of kilts.

(9) That Henry Sweet never wrote any book entitled "*A Primer of English Sounds*" and that, therefore, I can scarcely acquaint myself with its "earlier paragraphs."

(10) That Henry Sweet ceased to be the "most eminent of living phoneticians in English" April 30, 1912!

(11) That Mr. Wallace Rice is altogether too modest.

(12) Finally, that having provided Mr. Wallace Rice with an argument, I do not feel that I should be further obliged to find him an understanding.

FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

New York City, Dec. 23, 1915.

THE LAST OF THE BRYANT CONTROVERSY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I do not wish to strain your hospitality by demanding further space in the Bryant controversy. Mr. Hervey wanted facts: I gave them, and since he cannot controvert them, he takes up two or three of your columns in sarcastic questioning of my motives, ability, etc. That is not my way of conducting a discussion. I do not question Mr. Hervey's ability, or his sincerity and disinterestedness, in his defence of Bryant. But since he will not credit me with, if not ability, at least sincerity and disinterestedness, I must request you and your readers to believe that I have been actuated in this matter, not by an impious malignity against the "mighty dead," but by certain ideals of my own which even Mr. Hervey has no right to question. The case of Bryant seems to me not individual but typical. As a young poet wrote to me recently: "I now see that Bryant is a symbol of everything that we moderns must sweep aside." (To forestall Mr. Hervey's rage or laughter over this "we moderns" and "sweep aside," I must plead that youth should be allowed a little arrogance, and that this particular young poet proves his idealism by sacrifices for his art which Bryant at his age, by Mr. Hervey's admission, did not make.)

But if Mr. Hervey and I have arrived at an impasse about Bryant, I trust we may be more fortunate on the subject of Mr. T. S. Eliot's "plagiarism" in the October number of "Poetry." It happens that I was familiar with the Meredith sonnet whose final line so neatly pointed Mr. Eliot's brief satire. As the very point of its use was the fact that it was quoted, it never occurred to me—and no doubt I speak also for the poet—to risk a delicately humorous situation by attempting to intrude therein anything so obvious as quotation marks.

HARRIET MONROE.

Chicago, Dec. 28, 1915.

"OH GOD! OH MONTREAL!"

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Meticulosity is perhaps an over-rated virtue; still, the dead and the devil should not be deprived of their just dues. Your British correspondent in the issue of THE DIAL for Dec. 9, (p. 550), credits Samuel Butler with the memorable and side splitting verses of which the refrain is "Oh God, Oh Montreal."

In behalf of the dumb shade of the late William Henry Hurlbert, I reclaim for him the honor of its authorship.

WM. H. DALL.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1915.

The New Books.

WITH JOHN MUIR IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS AND ICE.*

To call John Muir a naturalist is literally exact, but misleading; to call him a literary man seems grotesque. This sane, fundamentally normal man defies classification, fitting into none of our artificial categories. He did not write for the sake of writing; the greater part of his rich life remains unrecorded. He did not study nature as a scientist, with the principal purpose of adding new records to the accumulations of the past. Highly cultured, eminently civilized and modern in one sense, he nevertheless regarded the world so naively that he reminds us of some prehistoric being, endowed with every human faculty, but unhindered by custom and tradition. In his writings, he constantly describes natural phenomena as the work of God, and with simple pantheism identifies the contemplation of nature with communion with the Almighty. It is this directness, this reliance on immediate experience, which gives so much charm to his descriptions, and removes him so far from the professional writer on the one hand, and the ordinary scientific man on the other. He rarely quotes other writers; the great white glaciers and the flowery meadows remind him neither of the classical poets nor of the transactions of learned societies; there is little to come between him and his experiences.

There is a natural tendency for an ordinary scientific worker, such as the present writer, to feel a certain impatience with John Muir. Notwithstanding all his contributions to our knowledge of the glaciers, and his illuminating descriptions of northern life, he seems to fall short of making and recording a thousand little discoveries which lay ready to his hand. Passionately fond of plant life, having a good knowledge of botany, might he not have given us a mass of exact information on the distribution of plants in the far north, in regions which few botanists, if any, have visited? Alaska is so vast, there is so much work to be done, and every real contribution is precious.

Criticism of this sort is really unreasonable, for a man cannot be all things at once. Muir developed his nature on its strongest side, and we may be more than content that he was able to see so keenly, to love nature so warmly, and to communicate some measure of his emotions to us. Less endowed than he, we nevertheless

respond to the appeal, and in some poor measure attain his freedom to enjoy.

So far as at present appears, "Travels in Alaska" is John Muir's last book; indeed, he was not able to complete it before his death. If other manuscripts exist, the fact seems not to be known. The work consists of three parts, one dealing with his first trip, that of 1879, the second with the trip of 1880, and the third, unfinished, describing the voyage of 1890. The descriptions relate not only to the scenery and wild life, but also to the Indians, for whom Muir had the most genuine regard. These simple folk are shown to be capable of great degradation, under the influence of whiskey and other products of "civilization"; but at their best, they may be nothing less than heroic. Thus among the Stickeen the doctrine of the atonement, which seems remote and vague to most modern Christians, was readily accepted as the most natural thing, for they understood it as part of their lives. Not many years before there had been a feud between the Sitkas and the Stickeen, and a situation arose not wholly unlike that now existing in Europe. A Stickeen chief shouted across the lines that he wished to parley with a Sitka chief, and when the latter appeared he said: "My people are hungry. They dare not go to the salmon-streams or berry-fields for winter supplies, and if this war goes on much longer most of my people will die of hunger. We have fought long enough; let us make peace. You brave Sitka warriors go home, and we will go home, and we will all set out to dry salmon and berries before it is too late." The Sitka chief replied: "You may well say let us stop fighting, when you have had the best of it. You have killed ten more of my tribe than we have killed of yours. Give us ten Stickeen men to balance our blood-account; then, and not till then, will we make peace and go home." "Very well," replied the Stickeen chief, "you know my rank. You know that I am worth ten common men and more. Take me and make peace." John Muir adds: "This noble offer was promptly accepted; the Stickeen chief stepped forward and was shot down in sight of the fighting bands. Peace was thus established, and all made haste to their homes and ordinary work. That chief literally gave himself a sacrifice for his people." It may be that to stop the European carnage it will be necessary to sacrifice, not the lives, but the positions or political prestige of certain chiefs; but no one expects such sacrifices to be made without compulsion.

Dr. S. H. Young is the missionary who accompanied Muir on his first two Alaskan journeys, and who owned the little dog

* TRAVELS IN ALASKA. By John Muir. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.
ALASKA DAYS WITH JOHN MUIR. By S. Hall Young. Illustrated. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

"Stickeen," which Muir has immortalized. He now tells the story from his point of view, and the twice-told tale only gains in interest from repetition. Self-revealing as Muir's own narrative is, we gain something new from another, regarding him objectively. Even had there been no Muir, Dr. Young's book would have held its own as an excellent contribution to the literature of travel. Selecting a single quotation, we take his account of the death of Tow-a-att, a chief of the Stickeens:

"The Hootz-noos, maddened by the fiery liquor that bore their name, came to Wrangell, and a preliminary skirmish led to an attack at daylight of that winter day upon the Stickeen village. Old Tow-a-att had stood for peace, and rather than have any bloodshed had offered all his blankets as a peace offering, although in no physical fear himself; but when the Hootz-noos, encouraged by the seeming cowardice of the Stickeens, broke into their houses, and the Christianized tribe, provoked beyond endurance, came out with their guns, Tow-a-att came forth armed only with his old carved spear, the emblem of his position as chief, to see if he could not call his tribe back again. At my instance, as I stood with my hand on his shoulder, he lifted up his voice to recall his people to their houses, when, in an instant, the volley commenced on both sides, and this Christian man, one of the simplest and grandest souls I ever knew, fell dead at my feet, and the tribe was tumbled back into barbarism; and the white man, who had taught the Indians the art of making rum, and the white man's government, which afforded no safeguard against such scenes, were responsible."

There is a good map in Dr. Young's book, but none whatever in Muir's,—a lamentable omission. Both books contain excellent illustrations from photographs.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

AMERICA'S INCORRIGIBLE YOUTH.*

The absorbing subject of world discussion for the next generation is bound to be internationalism, and the dominant issue the familiar issue between master-morality and slave-morality. It will be the old question of whether to struggle with Carlyle for the apotheosis of government, or to dream with Emerson toward the golden age of universal self-fulfilment. Europe has long been ready for the discussion, because all over Europe the idea of statehood has been clearly, though variously conceived. America, on the other hand, during a half century of reckless security has drifted into a befogged calm in which the engines have been checked to quarter speed, while all the crew are listening to a confusion

of danger signals and wondering what they mean. This is a commonplace of the day. Emerson foreshadowed it; Moody stated it fairly in "Gloucester Moors." In such a strait any book is welcome which promises a chart of the seas, or even a dead-reckoning of the recent course. So the reader who likes to consider himself thoughtful will snap up Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's "America's Coming-of-Age."

At the outset the book is exhilarating. The opening chapter on "'Highbrow' and 'Lowbrow,'" based on a remote yet visible past, discusses the chasm between the cultured idealist and the man of action, expounds Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin as determinants of American character, "in their amazing purity of type, and in the apparent incompatibility of their aims," and fetches up with the conclusion that traditional American education has done so little to bridge the gap that the modern university man is forced to choose between futile idealism and the sordidness of commerce. With this well generalized and measurably true dilemma before him, the reader, thoroughly interested, looks ahead to find the way out; but he never gets out, for the remaining chapters triumphantly lead up to the Q. E. D.—"there is no escape."

With reference to "Our Poets," over whom he skims in the second chapter, Mr. Brooks speaks in the habitual American self-disparagement which he himself condemns in his concluding pages. Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, and Hawthorne are imperishable possessions; but they "have not had the power to move the soul of America from the accumulation of dollars." The exertion of such a power would, of course, have been a fine achievement; but the implication in the indictment is that some other men have exerted just this power over some other nations,—that America has remained ignoble while other peoples have become ennobled. It is a low retort, but in reply to the typical American comment it is hard not to ask who the fortunate nation is. If Emerson failed in America, did Carlyle succeed in England, or Nietzsche in Germany, or Taine or Hugo in France? It hardly seems so.

By the time Walt Whitman has been reached in the third chapter a disqualifying formula has denied all hope to all other Americans. "Those of our writers who possessed a vivid personal talent have been paralyzed by the want of a social background, while those who have possessed a vivid social talent have been equally unable to develop their person-

* AMERICA'S COMING-OF-AGE. By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

alities." One begins anew to test the neat generalizations, and to think back to preceding chapters—as apparently Mr. Brooks did not do. So when he finds (p. 112) concerning Whitman that "in him the hitherto incompatible extremes of the American temperament were fused," the reader recalls that it has already been asserted (p. 80) of Emerson that "the upper and lower levels are fused in him," and he is surprised to find that Emerson has degenerated in thirty-two pages into the inhabitant of a "fastidiously intellectual . . . shadow world."

From this point on, Mr. Brooks is no longer disturbing; but he continues to be interesting as the *miles gloriosus* of the comedy. He asserts that the writers of popular novels—"immitigable trash"—could make literature out of American life, even though no one else has finely succeeded. He shows his contempt for the clergyman and the professor, but yet greater contempt for the men who have abandoned teaching and preaching. Because Reform is only a corrective, he turns it to scorn with the dictum that its ideal is the attainment of zero. He scouts Emerson's American choice of "Representative Men," but he applauds Carlyle's group of "Heroes"—made in England. He even—between dashes—denies humor to Mark Twain. But he makes his best hit when he lays low the author of "Inspired Millionaires" for not being logical. Mr. Lee should be careful; he is making honest thinking in America nearly impossible; he thinks on three or four levels at once; he knows nothing about life. This is interesting because on reading the earlier chapters it had occurred to us that Mr. Lee might represent a new and commendably American point of view. Then suddenly the sin of Lee is laid bare. He is not a Socialist.

Now we begin to understand why Mr. Brooks reduces all civilization to three men in a tub, and America's coming-of-age to the maudlin inebriety of a youth who is at once celebrating marriage and majority. We understand, but we do not approve, for we feel that it would have been franker of Mr. Brooks to declare his thesis instead of executing a flank movement on civilization by disqualifying all non-Socialists from any title to intellectual respect.

It is unfortunate that in the end his succession of lyric utterances should be so ineffectual, for he has not only a gift of brilliant speech, but a real though unbridled power of generalization. We are reminded, as we blink before his pyrotechnic pages, of the profound utterance of Professor Kittredge—whom he would rule out as a detached "highbrow"—

that a roman candle is a brilliant light but a poor thing to go to bed by. We are forced to apply to "America's Coming-of-Age" what its author says of Whitman's output, that in its latter part it is "increasingly marred by much pomposity and fatuousness."

Yet this much should be said in valedictory comment on the admirable closing chapter: Mr. Brooks contends that an intelligent understanding of American life can be acquired only by means of genuine discussion; that discussion can thrive only where there are real issues; and that clear issues can be defined only when there has been created "a resisting background" against which the thinker can project his ideas. Mr. Brooks presents an issue—that the constructive literature and philosophy of the "highbrow" must be based on a recognition of economic fact, the stamping-ground of the "lowbrow." He presents it vigorously enough to arouse opposition. If he can go on increasing his audience—and his opposition—he may promote that conflict of ideas which will educate America toward the coming-of-age to which he now looks forward with so little confidence.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD IN EUROPE.*

One hundred years ago last June the Congress of Vienna completed its work, closing that extraordinary chapter in European history known as the French Revolution. During the twenty-five years that lay between the opening of the States General in Versailles in May, 1789, and the assembling of the Congress of Vienna in October, 1814, the social institutions of France had been transformed and those of the surrounding peoples largely modified as the result of the upheaval in France. The great significance of the French Revolution, opening as it did a new period in European history, a period of equality before the law, of nationality and constitutional government, was early recognized, and men busied themselves with recounting its history. To judge by the large number of works that crowd the shelves of our libraries, one would be justified in saying that the last word had been written on the subject, or should have been written. The truth is that only the surface of the subject has been scratched, and the scholarly investigation of the history of the French Revolution is a thing of our generation. The explanation is not far to seek.

* THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD IN EUROPE (1763-1815). By Henry Eldridge Bourne. New York: The Century Co.

Until the present generation of historians, historical writing was largely dominated by the tradition that history is a branch of literature. The older historians of the revolution,—Thiers, Michelet, Lamartine, Taine,—were not scientifically trained specialists, but literary artists whose ambition was to paint a brilliant picture of the revolution as a whole. Their knowledge of the sources was limited, their use of them uncritical, and their expositions superficial and untrustworthy. Their works attracted the general public, and were extremely popular; their defects were known only to the few. It was the revolt of these few that was to open the path to sound historical writing. They realized that the business of the historian was to ascertain the *truth* concerning man's social evolution, and that this task of ascertaining and presenting the truth was a thing of such infinite difficulty that no human life was long enough to make possible a thorough scholarly investigation of the whole period of the French Revolution. It became clear to them that a sound synthesis of the whole revolution must rest upon a continuous series of monographs, the work of scholars who aspired to do no more than could be done thoroughly and critically. Thus the historical work upon the revolution entered upon a new stage, that of the scientific monograph. The sound knowledge of the revolution thus acquired soon discredited the older histories, but did not give birth to any new and comprehensive expositions of the revolution as a whole. To the uninitiated, historical writing had entered upon a period of anarchy; the historian appeared to have lost his large vision, and seemed to be interested only in microscopic research. This was, of course, not true, and from time to time a new synthesis has been attempted to mark the progress that has been made and to make accessible to the public the results of the special investigations. This is the justification of Professor Bourne's volume on "The Revolutionary Period in Europe."

It is supposed to be a college text-book, but it is something more than that: it is without doubt the best brief account in the English language of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period. That is not equivalent to saying that it contains the last word on the revolutionary period, and that it will not in time be outgrown as the monographic literature on the period increases; but what we wish to say is that Professor Bourne's book, better than any other volume of the same size, acquaints us with the present state of sound historical knowledge on the period he treats. It is not primarily the work of a text-book

maker. For something like a quarter of a century, Professor Bourne has been a close and critical student of the revolutionary period, and especially of the French phase of it; a good part of the scientific studies published in this country on the revolution has come from him. He is acquainted not only with the monographic work on the period, but with the sources on which these monographic works rest. The general reader, looking for an introduction to the revolutionary period, could find no more trustworthy guide than this volume.

It was a large canvas that Professor Bourne undertook to fill, and he has filled it with unusual success. The limits of the period are the close of the Seven Years War and the Congress of Vienna. Within this period took place the greatest revolution in European history. In twenty-seven chapters, beginning with "The People and the Old Régime" and ending with "The Restoration in France and Europe," Professor Bourne describes the state of Europe on the eve of the revolution; the course of the revolution in France, with the reconstruction of French institutions; the struggle between France and Europe, with the rise and fall of the Napoleonic empire. It is especially his treatment of the changes wrought by the revolution in France and in Europe that distinguishes Professor Bourne's volume from its forerunners. Chapters like those on "Revolutionary Reorganization," "The Finances and the Church," "Imperialism and Bankruptcy," and "The Continental System," revealing as they do the author's acquaintance with the best monographic work on the topics, are not to be found in other short works on this period. The chapters are not only new and fundamentally important, but they are well done. We do not mean to imply that the volume as a whole is beyond criticism; Professor Bourne himself would be the last to claim that. He could not lean on monographic work where such work does not exist; and when such aid fails, the work of the scholar necessarily becomes superficial. It would not be difficult for the specialist to pick flaws in the part of the present work with which he is familiar; it would be more difficult for him to construct a sounder synthesis of the whole subject than Professor Bourne has given us.

One of the best things in the volume is the bibliography,—a sufficient proof of Professor Bourne's wide reading and excellent critical judgment. It is not a potpourri of all that has ever been printed on the subject, but a carefully selected list of the best monographs and the most important sources,—such a list

as could be made only by the trained scholar who has familiarized himself with the literature through long years of study. Some titles are missing, but on the whole it is incomparably the best bibliography on the period of the revolution to be found in any single volume of the same size.

FRED MORROW FLING.

A PANEYRIC OF MUSIC.*

The author of "Hermaia" considers music as the ultimate and comprehensive art; the other arts,—architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry,—lead up to music, and find their consummation in it. Music is the latest art to appear in the progress of mankind, because it is the most complex, the most intimate, the most embracing. Mr. McAlpin gives to this art the precedence which he believes to be its right, and the major part of his book is devoted to an explanation of its importance and position. This explanation is presented with a completeness and skill that leave little to be desired.

The point of view which the author holds will be made clear by the following quotation:

"The man is only half himself; the other half is his expression." So writes Emerson; and, needless to say, we are here concerned solely with this other half of man. And that, moreover, in a very specific sense, since much of his expression is, strictly speaking, not necessarily of the artistic. Yet not only man, but nature also, both animate and inanimate, abounds with expression. And that too, quite apart from purposes of utility. It is beauty for its own sake. We conclude, therefore, that this same initial and divine impulse, which cannot but create the beautiful, reappears in man as a spiritual necessity. Indeed, he alone, amongst sentient creatures, has built up for himself a self-contained world of beauty. And within this universe of art we shall discover order and arrangement, such as is discoverable in any other department of existence where the principle of development has wrought it up into an independent activity. Thus with man art becomes expression for its own sake."

The "expression for expression's sake" theory of art is diametrically different from the "art for art's sake" theory. The emphasis in the former is placed upon the content; in the latter it is placed upon the form. The former distinctly proceeds upon the assumption that all art has something to say; while the latter is entirely satisfied with outline and color and rhythm for the pure pleasure to be

found in them. The end of art in both cases lies within itself, and utilitarian considerations have nothing to do with it.

In his chapter entitled "The World of Expression," Mr. McAlpin says:

"Now, where there is expression, it is obvious that there must be something expressed. And the man of art, while obedient to the constitutional law of art itself, is free to draw upon entire existence for his subject-material. Broadly speaking, all reality may become the artistic model for expression. . . Now since art, however creative, cannot but reflect reality, we shall find reality exercising a reflex influence upon the domain of art itself. Thus if we set the world of idealism and realism alongside of each other, we shall be able to read off the features of reality as reflected in the mirror of man's artistic consciousness. But since man is neither more nor less than his own consciousness, we may say that art is the ideal expression of real experience. Art, then, may be said to be the reflection of total existence. We shall view, therefore, the world of art as one massive, organic unity."

This world of art, the idealization of existence and experience, has its divisions, just as the realistic world of being and life has its divisions. These divisions are, of course, coördinate, and the divisions of art correspond to those of reality.

"The world of art is total reality appearing in the imagination—from plastic art, which reflects appearance, to music, which is the ideal reflection of that which underlies appearance. And if we consider how creation was built up from the inanimate to the animate, and how the realm of creativeness has been built up from the arts of plasticity to music, the progress from stones to souls in the real world will not appear greater than the progress made from the pictorial art, through poetry, up to the tuneful art, in the ideal world. . . Roughly speaking, painting expresses man's body, poetry his mind, while music is expressive of his soul. They are, respectively, the physical, mental, and spiritual arts,—materialism, mentalism, and moralism in the language of beauty."

It will be noted that there is here no mention of architecture or sculpture. These seem to be excluded from the author's consideration of art as art. He nowhere gives what may be regarded as sufficient reason for this remarkable omission. In one place he says:

"Now, respecting the above [the world of art], it need hardly be said that we treat of the main outstanding branches of beauty alone, such as automatically allot themselves to the major kingdoms of reality, so we shall have nothing to say about either decorative art, or even architecture in this connection. Plastic beauty, which, analogous to the manifold in material nature, covers so wide an area, will be here represented by painting alone."

* HERMAIA. A Study in Comparative Aesthetics. By Collin McAlpin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The exclusion of architecture and sculpture from "a study in comparative aesthetics" seems scarcely warranted, and appears to result from an over-appreciation of certain theoretical considerations which are, perhaps, susceptible of a larger and more inclusive interpretation.

Accepting, however, what seems the author's rather needless circumscription of his theme, we find his triple differentiation of value and importance. He confines the plastic arts to painting, and he thus describes the field and function of the pictorial art:

"Painting is, then, universal art in its infancy. It deals with the objective, and satisfies the early dawn of the artistic mind with palpable picturability. It is, as we have already seen, the first mental act in art. First of all the outer world beats on our senses, and is followed by the awakening of the inner mind. The child attends primarily to the visibly external. And similarly the painter attends solely to the object, while later on the poet will be seen to think about it. The painter only imagines, while the poet both thinks and imagines."

The second stage in the development of universal art, as our author sees it, is poetry.

"In passing now from painting to poetry we pass in reality from visible things to invisible thoughts; from image to imagining and from symbol to sentiment; from similitude to simile, and from figures to figures of speech. Or again, if painting be aesthetic perception, then poetry becomes literally aesthetic apprehension. And in this translation of the beautiful, we are enabled to lay hold of, as material for art, that immeasurable wealth of suggestion which arises from the artistic apprehension of apparent experience external to ourselves. Indeed the poet can add his own personal consciousness or maybe his private experience to the artistic material of the painter. What, therefore, was merely suggestion in painting, becomes now the actual matter of artistic expression. Poetry thus mediates between painting and music: painting is the artistic reproduction of external experience, music the artistic reproduction of internal experience; poetry the artistic reproduction of both in organic unity."

Music, expressive of the supreme internal experience and ascending to heights which are inaccessible even to poetry in its best estate, is at once the final and all-comprehensive art. If it cannot idealize nature as painting does, it can give the sentiment of nature with endless suggestions, as painting cannot do; if it cannot give human life in its infinite phases as poetry does, it can give the universal splendor in which both nature and man live and move and have their being, as poetry cannot.

"Music is therefore the expression of our spiritual consciousness. It breaks up at once that social segregation which is the cause of moral dis-

cord. It reveals ideally the underlying oneness of all spirits. It does not speak so much of the personal sense of self which limits and estranges, but rather of the higher impersonal sense of divinity within."

The author's thesis is maintained throughout his large volume with unflagging vigor and insight. The whole realm of the knowable seems to have been put under contribution to furnish arguments and illustrations. Music has never received an exposition loftier or more elaborate. Fully half the volume is given up to the supreme art, as is but just from Mr. McAlpin's view. The diction almost bewilders in its richness and profusion. The reader may not be willing fully to accept the author's conclusions, for poetry lies very close to most of our hearts. Mr. McAlpin acknowledges that poetry spans both the inner and outer spheres; and he calls the drama, idealized with music, the chief achievement in art. But the sweep of the analysis, the movement of the thought, the cumulative force of the argument, bear on irresistibly to the conclusion. The book is a significant contribution to the subject of which it treats, and musicians will find in it justification for their highest claims.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

MADAME DE STAËL'S CULTURAL MISSION.*

A book of unusual interest to the student of comparative literature is Professor Jaeck's "Madame de Staël and the Spread of German Literature." The author has traced the diffusion of German culture and letters in France, England, and America, as well as German influence upon the literatures of these countries. Curiously enough, the book appears just a century after Mme. de Staël's "De l'Allemagne," in times as war-like as those in which the latter was written. To the France of 1813, decadent in literature and lulled into a sense of superiority by the success of her arms abroad, the new Germany and German literature of "De l'Allemagne" was a revelation. Professor Jaeck's book not merely emphasizes anew the fundamental ideas of "De l'Allemagne," but also describes the effect of its message upon the world. It ought to be of peculiar interest at this time, and in a country where Germany is as little understood as it was in the France of 1813.

After outlining briefly the state of the knowledge of German literature at the close of the eighteenth century, the author takes

*MADAME DE STAËL AND THE SPREAD OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By Emma Gertrude Jaeck, Ph.D. With portrait. New York: Oxford University Press.

up successively Mme. de Staël's revolt against French classicism, her interest in German literature, and the genesis and writing of "De l'Allemagne." The chapter on "Essentials of German Culture in 'De l'Allemagne'" is possibly the most noteworthy in the book. It takes on a special significance when we appreciate that the ideas it embodies were expressed by a Frenchwoman educated in the atmosphere and traditions of French classicism. Realizing the decadence toward which the intellectual and moral life of France was drifting, Mme. de Staël became one of the most penetrating and fearless critics of French civilization. In "De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions sociales," written as early as 1800, she had already pointed out the results of eighteenth century materialism and rationalism upon the intellectual and social life of her country. French literature, in her opinion, was menaced not only by monotony, frigidity, and sterility, but by forces even more to be feared,—irony and ridicule. All sentiments and actions were gauged by these criteria of the fashion; until love, enthusiasm, religion,—every sentiment except selfishness,—was undermined. In this book, Mme. de Staël did not hesitate to maintain that such conditions were the result of a false philosophy of life.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, in the disappointment at the apparent failure of the French Revolution, a feeling that humanity had arrived at a stage of senility was becoming general. Searching for the fountain of youth that might rejuvenate European civilization, which was in effect French, Mme. de Staël at length discovered it in the poetry and philosophy of Germany. "In the writings of the Germans," she remarks in "De l'Allemagne," "we seem to feel a new youth arising." In order to find the secret of the youthfulness of German literature, she carefully analyses the new German culture which, unknown to the rest of the world, had developed during the eighteenth century and which culminated in a fresh ideal of man and a new attitude toward the world. The basic feature of this attitude, and of the German mind in general, is what she calls the latent and forceful enthusiasm of the German *Gemüt*. It is here that the imagination, the idealism, and the religious feeling which characterize German literature and philosophy are rooted. With deep psychological insight Mme. de Staël recognized that a rejuvenation of character and culture could come only if enthusiasm, imagination, feeling, morality like those of Germany became living

forces in the French character. As her country's need was pressing, she considered it her duty as a patriot to show France these qualities in Germany and its culture. She thus became not only the first great interpreter of the spirit of the new German culture, but she became also the inaugurator of a new cultural life.

It is the second part of Professor Jaeck's book that offers the greatest amount of new material, especially in regard to the history of American literature. The author has set herself the task of pointing out how through "De l'Allemagne" German literature, hitherto unappreciated because of great temperamental differences, became an active force in the world. She has assembled as witnesses an imposing number of writers distinguished in their national literatures,—Gautier, Musset, Sabatier, in France; Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Carlyle, in England; Ticknor, Everett, Emerson, and Longfellow, in America. These and countless others have paid tribute to the inspiration they received from German literature. In American literature, particularly, from its earliest beginnings to the present time, scarcely a writer can be found who has not at some period of his career felt the force of the German spirit. Bancroft's words of seventy years ago have lost none of their force: "It cannot be denied that German literature has come to exercise a great influence upon the intellectual character of Europe and America. We may lament over this fact or rejoice at it, according to our several points of view, but we cannot disguise from ourselves its existence." It is in recalling this to America, in a day when there is a tendency to reject all things German, that Professor Jaeck has done her greatest service. It would be unfortunate, indeed, were we, in the words of Mme. de Staël, to erect a Chinese wall around American literature in order to prevent the penetration of any ideas from without. As she well said, "In all countries the hospitality which welcomes foreign thoughts and sentiments brings good fortune to the host."

M. GOEBEL.

Dr. Theophilo Braga, ex-president of the Portuguese Republic, has written a preface to an anthology of Portuguese poems which will shortly be issued by the Oxford University Press under the title "Portugal." The translations into English of the fifty selected poems have been made by Mr. George Young; the arrangement is chronological, beginning with ballads of the Moorish occupation and ending with revolutionary songs of the present day.

RECENT POETRY.*

The most distinguished name on our list of recent verse is that of Maeterlinck; but the poems are not new, save in their English form, being in fact translations of the contents of the early volume called "Serres Chaudes,"—it is annoying that Mr. Miall does not give us its exact date. They antedate, therefore, all but the very earliest of the plays, and carry us back to the days when the beautifully colored but obscurely outlined symbolistic work of Maeterlinck was winning the attention of the world of letters. The "Hot Houses" will seem familiar enough to readers of "The Princess Maleine" and "The Seven Princesses," even though they may not have seen the poems in French. Here is the same stage-setting, of

"flowers without a hue,
Lilies that under the moonlight fade,
Moonlight over the meadows laid,
Fountains far on the sky-line blue;"

and the same succession of poignantly stirring but wholly mysterious occurrences:

"All the lovely green rushes of the banks are in flames
And a boat full of wounded men is tossing in the
moonlight!

All the king's daughters are out in a boat in the
storm!

And the princesses are dying in a field of hemlock!"

The difference is chiefly that of form, and one is interested to note the effects accomplished by English versions of the two chief metrical types used by the poet: the "In Memoriam" quatrain, and free rhythms which oddly employ the cumulative cataloguing method of Walt Whitman for the fragile materials of Maeterlinck. Mr. Miall's translations leave almost nothing to be desired. He holds faithfully to the characteristic Maeterlinckian blend of simplicity and subtlety, of the colloquial and the elaborate; and he is also singularly happy in keeping to

English verse form while avoiding strongly marked rhythms which would be foreign to his material. It appears from a remark in the Preface that he is disposed to dislike the "In Memoriam" stanza in its iambic form, and to think it improved by an occasional change to trochaic cadences; and, though I cannot share his prejudice, I gladly admit that he has obtained some charming effects by the experiment. One example of these is, I think, the best of the lyrical versions in the collection; it is called "Heart's Foliage":

"Neath the azure crystal bell
Of my listless melancholy
All my formless sorrows slowly
Sink to rest, and all is well;

"Symbols all, the plants entwine:
Water lilies, flowers of pleasure,
Palms desirous, slow with leisure,
Frigid mosses, pliant vine.

"Mid them all a lily only,
Pale and fragile and unbending,
Imperceptibly ascending
In that place of leafage lonely

"Like a moon the prisoned air
Fills with glimmering light wherethro'
Rises to the crystal blue,
White and mystical, its prayer."

A second volume of translated verse is by Lord Curzon,—in this case representing a variety of sources. The leading poems concern the present war, and are from the Belgian poet, Cammaerts; here one is likely to turn first to the dreadful New Year's Prayer—better called a Curse—addressed to the German army, which has already been widely reprinted, sometimes under the mistaken impression that it was original with the translator. I do not find much significance in any of this group of versions; the style of the noble lord does not lend itself readily to the difficult union of fervor and directness of speech which is demanded for subjects of current public concern, and his rhythm and rhyme sometimes lead him from the straight and narrow way with unhappy results, as when he renders

"Et que vous erriez éperdus comme des bêtes"

by

"Fear drive you like brute beasts that squeal."

More agreeable are the miscellaneous translations forming the second part of the volume, which represent the age-long recreation of the cultivated Englishman—the rendering of classical beauties in verse of his own tongue. Even here there are few specimens which I should not suppose could be paralleled in most of the vicarages of the kingdom. Perhaps because of pleasant memories of the ode in other days, I find most appealing Lord Curzon's rendering of Horace's

* POEMS BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Done into English Verse by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

WAR POEMS and Other Translations. By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. New York: John Lane Co.

POEMS. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. DREAMS AND REALITIES. By William K. Fleming. London: Erskine Macdonald.

MANX SONG AND MAIDEN SONG. By Mona Douglas. London: Erskine Macdonald.

A FLORENTINE CYCLE, and Other Poems. By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRAYER FOR PEACE, and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE LIGHT FEET OF GOATS. By Shaemas O'Sheel. New York: The Franklin Press.

THE LAUGHING MUSE. By Arthur Gutterman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MAN ON THE HILLTOP, and Other Poems. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

SONNETS TO SIDNEY LANIER, and Other Lyrics. By Clifford Anderson Lanier. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE: THE APPROACH OF DEATH. By Bertram Dobell. London: Privately Printed.

A MARRIAGE CYCLE. By Alice Freeman Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campus," the alternating rhythms of which are not unskilfully imitated in lines like these:

"Who can tell if the gods will increase by the grant
of to-morrow
What has been counted to-day?
Greedy thy heir, but of all thou hast given the self
that thou lovest
Nought can he carry away.
Once thou art perished and gone, and, high on his
stately tribunal,
Minos has uttered thy doom,
Eloquence, goodness, and birth, Torquatus, will not
avail thee
E'er to return from the tomb."

Mr. Chesterton's new volume is opened by a portrait which gives real joy in its representation of the robust and whimsical personality of the author. For a current English collection, the work of a journalist, it is rather noticeably lacking in matter that concerns the war. The greater portion is devoted to poems of love, religion, and the social and political themes which inspire Mr. Chesterton's familiar editorials. This last group contains some trenchant satire such as one would hopefully look for—the best of it worthy of a Dryden or a Canning. I have found chief joy in some lines addressed to the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, though I know nothing whatever about the Right Honorable gentleman save that he once uttered some words on revolution which drew Mr. Chesterton's blade from its scabbard:

"If I were wise and good and rich and strong —
Fond, impious thought, if I were Walter Long —
If I could water sell like molten gold,
And make grown people do as they are told,
If over private fields and wastes as wide
As a Greek city for which heroes died,
I owned the houses and the men inside —
If all this hung on one thin thread of habit,
I would not revolutionize a rabbit!

"Walter, be wise! avoid the wild and new,
The Constitution is the game for you.
Walter, beware! scorn not the gathering throng,
It suffers, yet it may not suffer wrong,
It suffers, yet it cannot suffer Long!"

But the surprises of the volume, to those who know Mr. Chesterton only as essayist wielding humor, satire, and paradox as his hourly weapons, and have not realized the romanticism and lyricism that underlie his nature, will be found in the poems on love and religion. There is a Marriage Song, for example, in which paradox and hyperbole are saturated with passion:

"Why should we reckon of hours that rend
While we two ride together?
The heavens rent from end to end
Would be but windy weather;
The strong stars shaken down in spate
Would be a shower of spring,
And we should list the tramp of fate
And hear a linnet sing."

Most of the religious lyrics are Christmas carols; and they take us back to the ardent singing of Crashaw, though touched always with the consciousness of man's most recent struggles for and against his traditional faiths.

"The child that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little hay,"—

this is the old conceit of the Catholic lyrists; but a moment later comes the paradox of the modern Wise Men:

"So very near the Manger lies
That we may travel far."

The finest of these carols is called "The House of Christmas," and I am sorry that I can find space here for only the concluding stanzas:

"This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings,
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

"To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome;
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home."

Very different are the religious lyrics of Mr. William K. Fleming. In entering his little volume we pass from the region both of ardent passion and intellectual strife to one of mysticism and of peace. His Christmas carol is of the simple joy and faith of childhood; his deeper notes of the quiet hopes of the soul seeking its native country. Without salient achievement of any kind, his verse is saved from mere obviousness by the dignity of the personality it represents, and by an almost impeccable taste. That is, it maintains the best traditions of the Anglican lyric of the spirit. A good example of its capacity to represent at once its writer's pleasure in the visible and the invisible world is found in the poem called "Essex in March":

"The long, lean hills of Essex, and the grey
Salt marshes, and a wind that all the day,
With chant of thousand tongues,
Roared thro' the high elms on its coastward way.

"And in my heart a voice that cried to me:
'O'er thy trim fields of life, immune, unfree,
There peals the Song of songs,
Of souls insurgent for their native sea.'"

The same publisher who brings out Mr. Fleming's verses has initiated a series called "Little Books of Georgian Verse," under the editorship of Miss Gertrude Ford. One may suppose that it is intended in some sense as an answer or antidote to the series issued by

the Poetry Bookshop, for it is brought out in similar inexpensive brochures, yet appears to be more conventional and discreet in both form and content; and Miss Ford lays emphasis (in her Introduction) on a desire to discover poets representing the continuity of the English tradition,—the line of Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson,—as distinguished from "iconoclasts with studied strivings after originality." To some of us this declaration of principles sounds wholly reasonable; yet of course, in considering how it works out, one is brought face to face again with the perennial problem of art,—how to represent the sound tradition and at the same time make an individual offering worthy of distinct attention. I regret that Miss Ford should not have found verse of more distinctive intrinsic significance than that contained in the two opening issues of the series. One is by Lieutenant C. A. Macartney, of the "New Army," and we cannot avoid the suspicion that we are invited to look on his poems more sympathetically because he is a young hero of the hour; the other is announced as the work of a girl of sixteen, and again there is an inevitable disposition to judge it as remarkable *under the circumstances*. In Lieutenant Macartney's verses I find little that leads me to do more than wish him well. The other collection, by Miss Mona Douglas, is decidedly more interesting. The author is a Manx girl, evidently of delicate sensibilities for all the aspects of nature, and with a more than ordinary gift for metrical expression. One hopes, of course, that her work will tell us something distinctive of her special environment, and there are bits of Manx legend and Manx landscape which she has caught up with a true sense of their values; in general, however, she has been learning from literature rather than life,—and this is quite as it should be in her 'prentice days. It is as promise and suggestion of more distinctive work hereafter that the little volume is to be valued. And perhaps Miss Ford purposes frankly to make use of this new series as seed-plot and testing-ground for poetry which is to be viewed as potentiality rather than achievement; if so, we can heartily approve it. I find the most attractive of the verse thus far given us to be in these stanzas from a lyric in Miss Douglas's collection, called "Moods":

"Dawn on the hills, and a breeze across the heather,
Lark-songs that fall from the solitudes of blue;
Haze on the bogs with their tufts of golden feather,
And a light that makes the whole world new.

"Dusk on the hills, and the shadows on the heather,
Ripples of flame on the waters far away;

Light on the crags, where the cattle roam together
In the glory of the dying day."

For American verse I turn first to the collection of Mrs. McGiffert's poems, opening with "A Florentine Cycle." To speak truly, it is a volume of the type which tends dangerously to tempt the reviewer to shut his eyes to its many points of excellence. It is too long, to begin with: it is long without reason; it might as well have been much longer, or—more happily—half as long; it impresses one as containing all that the author has thought of committing to verse day by day for many, many days. She has travelled widely, and wherever she has gone a series of admirable quatrains has recorded her impressions; she has studied the history of the regions she has passed through, and been fascinated to find that all the proper names thus turned up can, with a little dexterity, be wrought into her quatrains. She has looked on the cherubs of della Robbia, on the Torso Belvedere, on a silver bowl of Cellini's, on an Alsatian village, and for each has had a pleasant thought which she has expressed in what may be truly if tritely called well-chosen words. As companion in travel, or correspondent, I should suppose her charm to be rather notable. But one seeks almost in vain for the lyrical intensity, the really penetrating imaginative flash, which alone will justify beyond question the making of so much verse,—or no, I do not mean the making of it, but the printing or the reading of it. Mrs. McGiffert thinks well—clearly and firmly, as well as pleasantly, and there are epigrams and sonnets which are admirable for their outline and their definitiveness. For example:

"A fleeting rose-bud crave eternal life,
With its own loveliness unsatisfied?
Is perfume of its passing not enough?
Has one least rose-bud ever really died?"

But even this quatrain suggests a notable defect of the writer's verse, considering that one is driven to look at it so largely from the standpoint of fine formal artistry: her poverty of rhymes. The greater portion of the collection is in quatrains, and I have not noted a poem in which she completes the rhyme in the odd-numbered lines. This is no trifle; for the whole story of our verse goes to show that, while you may use the imperfect *abcb* quatrain without harm in a loosely wrought, simple poem in ballad or similar style, if you seek the effect of closely wrought perfection, of cameo, etching, or epigram, you must not leave lines unrhymed as if through the mere negligence of completeness. Despite this imperfection of form, I choose as an

especially pleasing example of Mrs. McGiffert's imaginative art this bit of interpretive fancy on "The Brook":

"A rush of twisted waters through the glen,
Eager and valorous it delves and hews;
A Future City waits to flower its banks,
So it must wisely choose!"

"It leaps, it dances on its dainty way;
That spot is for cathedral arch, and there
Some day will rise great deathless marble heights,
So must it have a care!"

Diametrically opposite in its effect is the collection of poems by Mr. W. S. Johnson. From the standpoint of the purist it is something of a hodge-podge,—bits of inspiration from Whitman, bits from Browning, bits of current science and sociology versified with zest but not with unerring taste, a jolly Parisian villanelle and a ballade or two, together with popular verses that move swiftly and cheaply in Kipling-like journalese. But there is the real stuff of poetry here: the interpretation of vital experiences by an eager imagination that transfigures them, for the moment, to something of widely appealing significance. The unity of the volume, so far as it may be found, lies in that type of religious sense which is perhaps of closest kinship to poetry—the Spinozistic conception of individual experiences as bubbles on the surface of the divine firmament of waters. Mr. Johnson expresses this most eloquently and at the same time most definitely in the fine harangue of Lachesis in the poem called "Beyond Our War":

"For That which suffers is the Joy of God,
Forever widening and quickening;
And That which strives is but the Peace of God
That passeth understanding.—As bubbles they rise,
The works and wars and wonders of the world;
And in the verity of the crystal sphere
They show as worship. Mine are the Eyes of Life!
I see it all—and Life is worship only!

"The marble pants with art's immortal breath;
Ascetic vision hunger-dreams to death;
The clutching talon and the rending claw
Act the red ritual of evolving law:
And each is worship only—

"I see the chestnut glaze its winter bud,
Atom slay atom in the fevered blood,
An earthworm draw a leaf beneath the sod,
A poet love his failure up to God:
And each is worship only.

"And millions, throbbing with the throbbing drum,
Hear the Great Call; and millions yet to come
Shall follow by the charnel road of strife
Through hate to love, through passionate death to life:
And this is worship only."

I cannot here do myself (and the reader) the pleasure to represent Mr. Johnson's lighter vein, but commend unreservedly the good-

natured satire of the verses on the weathercock Egoist—a kind of new Chanticleer who believes he controls the winds—and the dainty humorous philosophy of the address to a sparrow in the Luxembourg Gardens. The drawback is that the writer either cannot trust his taste or does not care to, and allows compositions to slip into the volume, and lines to slip into compositions,—oddities of vocabulary and grotesque violence of imagery, like "Yggdrasil's pollen omnific" and "This pullulating spawn of man that fouls the rotting earth"—together, as I have said, with some mere journalistic doggerel, all of which will make the judicious grieve. Perhaps Mr. Johnson does not care whether they grieve or not, so long as he says his vigorous say. I should add that the "Prayer for Peace," which gives title to the volume, is an exposition, in vivid imaginative form, of the notion that strife cannot be put away in a universe which is evolving through strife toward perfection. For this reason it has already won the approbation of Mr. Roosevelt, and may perhaps be made into a tract by the Navy League.

The name of Mr. Shacmas O'Sheel invites us to look in his verse for a fine Irish zest and irresponsibility in the enjoyment of both beauty and action, and we are not disappointed. He calls Mr. Yeats his master, and at times, like him, seeks to catch and imprison the beauty of the "Rose of the World"; but he has not his master's sureness of ear and of touch, so that his more delicate workmanship, though not unappealing, can hardly be thought memorable. But I have taken real pleasure in a frankly American harvest song of "Thanksgiving for Our Task," and still more in the buoyant rhythm and garrulous feeling of this lyric called "A Night on the Hill":

"Once when the grey night held more of clouds than
of stars,
And the wind was swift and cold, and full of a
troubling cry,
I quenched my lamp and opened the door and
dropped the bars
And went forth into a meadow, past fields of shud-
dering rye,
And over a moor that ghastly lay under a ghastly
sky,
And I ran with a stumbling run that the wind might
blow more bitter by,
And I fell in weary delight by an old ash clenched
with scars,
And I trembled a-thrill with cold, and was content
to lie.

"And the glory of God's wild mirth was revealed to
me,
And I saw how the elements played at a game
through space,

And the wind was mad with a vast impetuous glee,
And a starry laughter broke on the sky's pale face;
White naked runners in the dark, the clouds a-race,
And virginal snowy dancers veiled in lace;
And an ancient laughter roared through the rocking
tree,
And ripples of youthful joy sang the flowers of that
place.

And I lay like the mossy rock on the side of the hill,
And the spin of the rolling world was a dizzy thing,
And I heard in a moment, when the winds were sud-
denly still,
The cheery and lusty song that the huge tongues
sing—
The tongues of flame leagues deep in earth's hollow-
ing;
Far off I knew the great seas leaped in a ring;
And I rose with joy in my heart and peace on my
will,
And sought the fire on my hearth, and my home's
enfolding wing."

Mr. Arthur Guiterman has collected in "The Laughing Muse" many merry verses which have already been enjoyed in various periodicals. Of these the cleverest is that which opens the volume, "The Quest of the Riband," the account, in antique ballad form, of a shopping expedition undertaken by a mere man in a modern department store. Since this is quite too long to be represented here, and since our subject is contemporary poetry, I choose for an example of Mr. Guiterman's not wholly thoughtless raillery this account of "The Young Celtic Poets":

"Their hearts are bowed with sorrow,
They love to wail and croon;
They shed big tears when they sigh, 'Machree,'
Floods when they sob, 'Aroon!'
"For the Young Gaels of Ireland
Are the lads that drive me mad;
For half their words need foot-notes,
And half their rhymes are bad."

The admirers of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's poetry, among whom I have often been glad to count myself, are likely to experience some disappointment in reading his latest volume. It contains some fine things, notably the Elegy on Swinburne, which attracted some attention at the time of its publication in a periodical; but as a whole it cannot be said to mark progress either in the matter or form of the writer's art. The two leading poems are in narrative blank verse of a kind of Wordsworthian cast, and, while here also there are exceedingly good lines, I do not find Mr. Ficke's blank verse sure-footed or persistently effective. The title-poem, giving the story of a madman who crucified himself through a passion to save the world, is certainly not unmoving, but it must be admitted to be the sort of tale which is legitimately moving only if known to be true, and hence not well fitted for poetic fiction. The other narrative, called "At St. Stephanos," disappoints in arriving

at no real climax either of action or feeling. It depicts a somewhat mysterious monk in a mountain convent, who, after darkly hinting that he had that within him which he could not bring himself to reveal, at length found voice and (says the poet)

"Poured forth such speech as from no other man
I ever heard, nor like shall hear again."

This promises much; but all that transpires is that the young monk had led a life which vacillated between the ideal of contemplation and that of action, and that now, being irretrievably imprisoned in the monastery, he was dying of hopelessness because neither ideal had been fulfilled. One must think the poet to have been singularly unfortunate if he had never heard speech more remarkable, both in content and form, than this of Theodorus. What he feels that he has gained is a view of

"Man's life, and its strange pitifulness; so sweet
That memory makes the heart to overflow:
So bitter that men turn from it, as turned
This soul beside me, to the world of dreams:
So fleeting, that the darkness hovers close
Even while the seeker pauses to debate
The better path, or turns to mourn in vain
A choice regretted, and the days go by
Bearing what still remains."

And the languorous and purposeless disillusionment of this conclusion seems to animate (if that is not too vigorous a word) the great part of Mr. Ficke's volume. Sometimes he compares himself, with pride decorously veiled in a sweet sadness, with those who have settled down to a contented theory of life, who "have determined all that life should be"; sometimes he admits to being "weary of being bitter and weary of being wise"; sometimes he forecasts the late autumn when it will only remain for him to

"clasp, with weak and thankful heart,
Whatever faded blossom there apart
Can ease my smart."

All this is skilfully, much of it beautifully, done; and I am far from assuming that Mr. Ficke identifies himself with these various wise and bitter and weary and generally disillusioned and disillusionizing singers. But if he is to give us a collection of dramatic monologues, he should admit among his *dramatis personæ* some of a more heartening sort. This I say, foreseeing that it will again be charged—as has been done already—that I count no poetry first-rate which does not teach sound doctrine; and I cannot here pause to explain how it is that I mean something quite different, apart from doctrine altogether. But in leaving Mr. Ficke's volume, since I am unwilling to represent the Swinburne elegy by a few lines only, and since in a review not long ago I quoted one of his

admirable sonnets, I shall here set down this slight but hauntingly perfect lyric, called "The Three Sisters":

"Gone are those three, those sisters rare
With wonder-lips and eyes ashine.
One was wise and one was fair,
And one was mine.

"Ye mourners, weave for the sleeping hair
Of only two your ivy vine.
For one was wise and one was fair,
But one was mine."

I turn finally to a group of three little volumes of posthumous verse, all of distinctively personal character, whose interest and value are in some measure frankly dependent on the personal relation. The first is made up of verses written in his latter days by the late Mr. Bertram Dobell, the London bookseller, publisher, and literary amateur, whose personality was familiar to many Americans; they are brought out for private circulation by his son. The theme of these poems is the end of life, and what it means for one to whom eager activity seems the one essential of living, and who feels no assurance that there is to be any continuance of such individual activity. Mr. Dobell's spirit was Stoic, and his poetic method somewhat coldly expository, yet with a dignity and sincerity which caught something of the attractiveness that lies in the stern and sombre veracity of Blair's verse, or Dr. Johnson's. Witness these quatrains, of the eighteenth century not merely in manner but in mode of thought, on the dread of senile decay:

"A ruined castle of all life forlorn;
A temple by a barbarous host profaned;
A Venice of its power and glory shorn;
A stony desert where abundance reigned;

"Such sights as these are sad, yet not so sad
As 'tis to see a noble mind's decay:
A Marlborough dotting, or a Swift grown mad;
A fiery soul to ashes burnt away.

"Strike me down rather in the flush of life,
When hopes are high and every prospect fair;
The soldier slain in the fierce battle-strife
Buys cheaply his release from pain and care."

It happens that the next collection, made of the posthumous poems of Clifford Lanier, furnishes a strikingly contrasting treatment of the same theme of old age, viewed now by one who is both romanticist and man of faith:

"Gold in the morn; silver shine at noon;
Gold after noon; new soft lights beam,
Whereof the heart of youth may merely dream:
Pearl, amber, lucent sard are in yon gleam.
In circles ever moveth life around,
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet: how grand
The planetary round of God's new land!"

For these poems Mr. Edward Howard Griggs writes a brief memorial introduction, with an account of the friendship of the brothers Sidney and Clifford Lanier, and the sacrifice which the younger made for the older and more gifted, in yielding up his own hopes of a life devoted to letters. The opening sequence of sonnets is the monument to this friendship,—of uneven excellence, wrought always with love and sometimes with skill. The finest of the sonnets, beginning, "Thou magic breather of the silver flute," which reproduces rather remarkably the Elizabethan flavor, has already won friends through periodical publication.

Professor George Herbert Palmer has now followed up his notable memoir of his wife, after more than seven years, with a collection of the verses found in her desk. The greater portion of them were planned, he tells us, as parts of a "Marriage Cycle"; and he has sought to arrange and entitle them with a view to their place in this plan. The result is bound to impress us not so much as a work of art as a new view of the rich personality which was revealed and interpreted in one of the most remarkable of American biographies. The theme of the series of poems is best stated in Professor Palmer's own words, as "the significance of marriage, blended as it always was in her mind with religious experience and the enjoyment of nature"; and its primary value lies in the veracious representation of this triune devotion. It cannot be claimed that the greater number of the poems would be certain to seem distinguished, apart from our knowledge of the writer; for Alice Freeman Palmer did not have precisely the mind or the pen of an artist. She touched and expressed life with directness, rather than with imaginative interpretiveness—if there be such a word. Yet this is only a question of degree; and there are compositions in this volume which beautifully show "emotion recollected in tranquillity" and committed to enduring form. Choice is difficult, but these stanzas from the poem called "The Glory of the World" are true to the theme and the mood of the whole sequence:

"O summer night beside the soundless sea,
O golden hour for my dear Love and me!
The past, the future, are at one with thee!

"O witching world, with beauty never guessed!
Light of the east, dead splendors of the west,
I lock you fast forever in my breast.

"I know your wondrous meaning; for one stands
Beside me, at the touch of whose dear hands
My whole heart leaps to life and understands."

This is the normal simplicity of the writer's method. But now and then she turns to the more elaborate figuring of an experience, as in the perfect allegory of this poem, complete in six lines, whose art is reminiscent of George Herbert's:

"I said to Pain, 'I will not have thee here!
The nights are weary and the days are drear
In thy hard company.'
He clasped me close and held me still so long
I learned how deep his voice, how sweet his song,
How far his eyes can see."

The editor sums up his impression of the chief values of his wife's verses in a reference to the "art of transmuting our usual and necessary experiences into occasions of wonder, romance, and gladness." And this is not a bad word on which a critic or a reader of poetry may pause.

RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

RECENT FICTION.*

It is hard to avoid what the publishers say about a book, and the ingenuous mind would ask, Why do so? It would seem as though they ought to know better than most what the author is trying to do. In writing of "Lot & Company," the publishers speak of Mr. Will Levington Comfort as being "among the best writers of romance and adventure," and add: "Never has Mr. Comfort written a novel in which is heard so clearly the sound of the sea, man's love for woman, and the song of the joyous seeker, going on day after day to the wonder of new horizons." Now if those delightful things show the intention of the author, his book sends his readers off on a false track. The net impression of "Lot & Company" is not that of a tale of romance and adventure,—in fact, there is not really very much romance and adventure in it, in the ordinary understanding of those words,—but rather of a book in which a man had something very especial to say to the world. It is not specifically the story of the joyous seeker always coming on new horizons,—again as one would normally understand the expression,—but the story of a man who was applying himself very definitely to a search for something he was absolutely determined to find. There are horizons and adventures, it is true; but it is a pity to give the idea that they are the great thing, for then the reader will fancy he has a good example of something

which at its best is not one of the finest things of art, instead of an effort (successful or not) at one of those aims which have always been the mark of a great man of letters.

I prefer the other view,—even reckoning without Mr. Comfort himself, if that be necessary,—and shall assume that he had (subconsciously, if you like) an idea, and that the power of his idea moulded his conception even of horizons and adventure. This idea is that there is a finer life than that of grabbing and getting, making money or at least taking it from others, or perhaps really only noting down in a book that you have done so, scouring sea and land to make an addition to the right side of the ledger. It may seem that this doctrine is nothing new, which is certainly the case; still, it is interesting to see the form it will take in the mind of an adventurer, a joyous seeker of wide-spread wonder of new horizons, a lover of women and the sound of the sea. We shall not tell just what form it does take; that is the story, and we think that in the hand of Mr. Comfort it makes an impression that will be remembered.

Mr. Jack London's "The Star Rover" is also a book founded upon an idea. As to just what that idea is, there may be difference of opinion. In fact, it may well be thought that Mr. London bodies forth in his imagination more than one "fundamental idea." If we turn once more to the publishers for information, we shall gather that the plot rests upon the conception of the "supremacy of mind over body." This idea is undoubtedly to be found in the book, and may be thought fundamental, in that the full structure of the book is built upon it, or dominating, in that it controls the development of the story. The novel gives the experiences of Darrell Standing, a man serving a life sentence in the California State prison at San Quentin. He proved incorrigible, and according to the mode of dealing with incorrigibles in that institution he was given not only solitary confinement but in addition what was called "the jacket." Mr. London describes with his accustomed vigor the horrible conditions which prevailed in the prison and the relentless vigor with which the officials quelled the slightest breaches of discipline. Laced in a straight-jacket, then, in solitary confinement, Darrell Standing is told that it is possible for one to release the mind from the prison of the body. He tries the experiment and succeeds. With his first success he vaults beyond prison roof and California sky, and is among the stars. In the shortest possible time he is away star-roving for long ages. Hence the name of

* LOT & COMPANY. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Co.

THE STAR ROVER. By Jack London. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ATHALIE. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

the book, and hence the view that in such freedom of mind from body we have this fundamental idea. But all this is but a beginning. As time goes on, another thought becomes more prominent. Darrell Standing ceases to rove among the stars, but when his spirit leaves the prison of the body it passes into the bodies of other men in whom we feel it had at one time previously lived. So he becomes, first, Count Guillaume de Sainte-Maure; then Jesse, a boy who goes with the immigrant train which was ambushed by the Mormons at Mountain Meadow; then Adam Strang, who was shipwrecked in Korea, the lover and husband of the Lady Om. Then he is Ragnar Lodbrog, the northern legionary in the Roman garrison of Jerusalem at the time of Pilate; then he becomes Daniel Foss, a native of Elkton, who sailed for the Friendly Islands and was cast on a desolate island where he lived for many years. He becomes Ushu, the prehistoric man who takes for his mate Igar, the race mother. But always at some crucial time he returns to his "jacket," whence he passes by a natural series of events, until he finds himself finally in the death cell waiting for the day of execution, where he writes the book we read. It is this latter idea, the conception of the transmigration of souls,—the idea that the living spirit inhabits first one body and then another, sometimes retaining a hazy recollection of earlier phases of existence,—that seems to be the dominating conception of the book, rather than the more general notion, which perhaps includes it, of the supremacy of mind over body.

Mr. Robert W. Chambers, in his novel entitled "Athalie," has also had thoughts that lie rather deep beneath the somewhat superficial life which the book otherwise portrays. A story "of a girl who was strangely clairvoyant," the volume is said to be (again by the publishers); and such it is, for Athalie Green-sleeve did possess the power which is commonly called clairvoyance (whether it really exists or not), and indeed was thereby very fortunately enabled to earn her living at a time when she found herself unable to do so in any other way. But to speak of the idea of this book as clairvoyance, or of Athalie as a clairvoyant, gives one a false notion: for really it would seem that Mr. Chambers is not so much concerned with the experiences of a girl of marked or singular power as he is with the much greater matter of whether those who have passed out of physical life can and do still remain near the scenes of their former experience and with the persons of those whom they have loved. Whether or not a girl be a clairvoyant appears to us rather a

minor matter, when compared with the great question we have just noticed; and Mr. Chambers seems absorbed in the greater question rather than the less.

The general character of Mr. Chambers's ability is so well known that one need not do more than refer to it. He is undoubtedly able to present a picture of the gay and glittering, rather external and semi-public, life of New York at the present day,—the life where home means an apartment, where dinner means a restaurant, where amusement means the theatre, and where business may or may not mean anything at all. Doubtless there are phases of existence in any large city more or less like the life which Mr. Chambers presents. I always take the liberty to doubt privately whether there are many young ladies of perfectly correct and beautiful character who spend their evenings and sometimes their afternoons habitually with some high minded and fine natured young man of wealth and position without a thought of anything beyond friendship. Whether there be such is not important just now; more to the point is it that Mr. Chambers, having in mind a fine idea and wishing to present it in his own way—which is, of course, not the way of the Society for Psychical Research or any other such body,—has rather unfortunately allowed his idea to be so overlaid with other things that few will get more than a suggestion of what it is. It does no injustice to Mr. Chambers to think that he has a deep sympathy, if not perhaps a settled belief, in the thought which here and there rises in his pages. We must rather regret that he allows his undeniable gift for the gay, the light, the sparkling forms of existence to fill the mind so that the net impression of the book can hardly be to give one more than a slight idea of what seems really an important matter. Or if the subject be the serious one of the continued existence and relation of ourselves to those whom we have once loved and lost, why should it be advertised as something connected with crystal balls and announcements in the newspapers?

There may be those who will think it merely humorous to spend so much space in talking of ideas in connection with the work of these authors. If it be so, we believe that the fault (such as there may be) must lie with the authors and their publishers. If the "ideas" are not to be taken seriously, if mention of them be merely a device to make people fancy they are reading something worth while, if we have really something meant to stir the blood rather than to stimulate the thought, then why this allusion to, even insistence on,

the other thing? To tell the truth, we rather fancy that these able writers are only toying with ideas, thoughts, conceptions,—or, as we might almost call them, whims, fancies, notions. Mr. Comfort doubtless has much at heart the conception of a finer life than that of America to-day,—we wish he had sought to work out the positive side as definitely as he has the negative. Mr. London is obviously using his "fundamental idea" as a literary means. That he does not really believe the experiences of Darrell Standing are more than fancies, is clear at the very beginning. The star-rover in his first flight is impressed with the idea that he must touch each star with a glass wand; which shows, of course, that there was no reality in the flight, nor is there more reality in the later scenes. Of Mr. Chambers it need only be said that while he has treated his subject with delicacy and reserve, he has turned the real interest of his book (as far as we can see) in quite another direction.

It is perhaps a tribute to the attractions of the intellectual life, or the spiritual, that such books should appear before the public as having something to say on "ideas." We hope that their readers—who are doubtless people who enjoy the world of adventure or the world of gaiety or both—will be attracted to that other world so different from that with which they are familiar, and yet so closely related to it. If they are so attracted, they will have no difficulty in finding competent guides.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

American literature, 1870-1892.

The title of Professor Fred Lewis Pattee's latest book, "A History of American Literature since 1870" (Century Co.), seems to threaten a catalogue of story-writers and poets of to-day; but the preface reassures the reader with the promise that only writers who did distinctive work before 1892 will be included. The quarter-century following the Civil War is now far enough in the past to make possible an evaluation of its literary output, and it is fortunate that the first attempt at such an evaluation has been made by a scholar with an established reputation for careful and thorough work in American literature. Not all students will agree with all of Professor Pattee's judgments. His critical standards may be inferred from some of his pet aversions—the baneful influence of Keats, "Long-fellowism," "so conventional a thing as a sonnet," and indeed all carefully elaborated

writing. It is not strange, therefore, that he finds much to praise in Artemus Ward, Whitman, Mark Twain, and Joaquin Miller. "Ramona" is "an exquisite work of art," and gives its author "a place indeed with the two or three best writers of American romance"; and the stories of Kate Chopin—a name possibly not known to every reader—are "equal to the best that has been produced in France or even in America." On the other hand, he has little but judicially phrased contempt for Bayard Taylor and Aldrich and Mr. Henry James. Even those who dissent most sharply from his judgments will, however, value his criticisms for their frankness and consistency. Some objection may be raised to the bringing in of authors whose distinctive work was done before the year so definitely set forth in the title. A student of the "Biglow Papers" and "The Fable for Critics" may be astounded to learn that "Lowell, so much of whose early heart and soul had been given to Europe, discovered America in this same Centennial year [1876]"; and in view of the author's thesis that the distinctive characteristics of his period are traceable to the Civil War, it seems hardly fair to include Mrs. Stowe, Timrod, and others of their time, and even to devote a long section to Thoreau on the naïve ground that "in spirit and influence . . . he belongs to the period after 1870." A few vagaries like this stamp the author as just a little of a special pleader. The few noticeable slips, such as the statement that Marion Crawford wrote no short stories, come from a tendency to be sweepingly dogmatic. But on the whole, the work is scholarly, and—granted the critic's assumptions as to what American literature ought to be—logically sound. Full and sympathetic recognition is given to the work of the South since the War, and the sections dealing with Southern writers are especially well done.

Critical estimates of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells.

Two volumes in the new "Writers of the Day" series (Holt) provide us with handy brief studies of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. H. G. Wells. The former is discussed by Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton; the later by Mr. J. D. Beresford. Attractive in binding and letter-press, compact—each volume runs to about 130 pages—and "done, not by literary hacks, but by fellow-craftsmen of a younger generation, distinguished for imaginative work," as the advertisement recites, these little handbooks should be well received. While the average reader who has a natural craving for Boswellian gossip may meet with some disap-

pointment in their subject matter, the reader who likes to study his author more technically and to analyze and discuss his work, will be better pleased. That is to say, although each of these volumes is introduced as "a biography and a critical estimate," the biography is in each instance negligible: eight pages in the "Bennett," three in the "Wells," suffice; the real "vital facts," it is assumed, appear in the more or less elaborate analysis of each novelist's literary achievement as recorded in subsequent pages. Of the two studies, that of Mr. Bennett strikes us as the clearer and more satisfactory, although perhaps there is no good reason for such a contrast. Mr. Darton identifies the subject of his study intimately with the spirit of that "domicile of origin," the Staffordshire district which this novelist has made familiar to the world. Mr. Bennett "is a Five Townsman—keen, interested, exceedingly shrewd, very practical and efficient, limited in certain directions, rather coarse-fibred in others." He also declares that, like his fellow Five Towns-men, Mr. Bennett is "high strung,"—an epithet that the reader will find explained satisfactorily. The chapter on the Five Towns, by the way, is one of the best in the book, and contains a capital description of the topography of Stoke-on-Trent, with a map for the complete identification of places mentioned in the novels of the Five Towns. Naturally, Mr. Beresford can hardly perform a similar service for his hero—he insists, far more strongly than Mr. Darton, that *his* hero is a hero; but rather confines his effort to asserting the normality of Mr. Wells and of Mr. Wells's vision. He sees him as "regarding all life from a reasonable distance." He maintains the superiority of the romances to those of Jules Verne, and regards Mr. Wells as second to none as a writer of romances of this type. He is less certain of Mr. Wells's position as a novelist, but feels no hesitation in the claim that he is one of the great writers; and that alone, among the novelists of the day, he has used his perfected art for a definite end. He has pointed the possible road of our endeavor. He has set up the ideal of a finer civilization.

*Records of
"the glory that
was Greece."*

In view of the rapidly growing responsibility of American scholarship, it is particularly pleasing to greet a volume of the ambitious series now being issued by the Columbia University Press under the general title of "Records of Civilization." The aim of the series is as praiseworthy as it is comprehen-

sive. "In the first place, its intention is to make accessible those sources of the history of Europe and of the near East which are of prime importance for the understanding of Western civilization. In the second place, both by the treatment of these texts and by special studies it covers the work of modern scholars in these fields. It is, therefore, a guide both to the original documents and to recent criticism. The material, furthermore, is given in English translation, in order that it may be readily accessible to students and readers who do not have that knowledge of classical and other foreign languages which is essential for specialized research." Professor James T. Shotwell of Columbia has been selected as general editor, and the history workers of America will feel that the choice has been felicitous. The volume before us, edited by Professors G. W. Botsford and E. G. Sihler, deals with "Hellenic Civilization"; and we have no doubt that it has proved a more difficult task than will any of its successors. It is the old story of an *embarras de richesse*, and Dr. Shotwell has forestalled the critic by writing: "The selections have been made, not for specialists, but for those who are interested in general Hellenic culture. Nothing could be easier than to suggest the lengthening or shortening of passages and the addition or substitution of other selections. No two scholars could agree as to what is absolutely best for a volume of the kind; and those who have coöperated in its preparation can only hope that it may in some degree contribute to an understanding of the spirit of ancient Hellas and add to the interest in her culture." It remains to be said, however, that while the general level of translation is high, a few of the renderings are simply villainous from the side of adequate English. (*Vide pp. 190, 191, et al.*) The bibliographies, again, are generally admirable; but any reviewer with a sense of humor will note with a kindly smile some of the inclusions and omissions. Professor Paul Shorey, apparently, has written nothing on Plato that is worthy of recording beside the contributions enumerated. The index is fair, but in a book of this nature it might well have been more extensive. If we may assume that "Hellenic Civilization" represents the material form of the series, we shall have a set of large and clearly printed books, running to about seven hundred pages each. Eighteen volumes have been definitely listed as in preparation, and others will be announced later. It is to be hoped that the general editor and his collaborators will not allow themselves to be hurried, and that this

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laudable undertaking may prove not only a genuine contribution to the progress of historical study but also an honor to American scholarship.

*Martial law
versus
Magna Charta.*

One of the most substantial of recent contributions to the literature of international law, renewed interest in which has been stimulated by the great war, is a volume entitled "War: Its Conduct and Legal Results" (Dutton), by two well known English scholars, Professors Baty and Morgan. Their treatise is noteworthy in being perhaps the only work which undertakes to state the legal effect of war upon the local or municipal law—in this case, upon the law of England. It does not pretend to be a study of the questions of international law to which the present war has given rise, although some of these are touched upon, notably where the provisions of the Hague Convention regarding the laws and customs of war are compared with those of the German war manual (which, by the way, Professor Morgan has recently translated into English). The present work is devoted mainly to an exposition of the effect of war upon contracts, the status of alien enemies, trade with the enemy, personal liberty, liberty of the press, and, in general, the status of the civil population as a whole throughout the realm. It is based largely on the decisions of the English and American courts; but the treatment is non-technical and to a remarkable degree popular in character. There is a critical examination of all the important emergency war legislation enacted since the outbreak of the present conflict, and the text of this legislation is reprinted in an appendix of more than one hundred pages. While stating that "we are all united in the conviction that never was a cause more just or a war more righteous," the writers have subjected the measures of the government to a severe criticism, and applied to them the strict tests of legality in a way which it may safely be assumed would not be tolerated if it were attempted in Germany. Their criticism of the Defence of the Realm and Press Censorship Acts, and the regulations issued in pursuance thereof, is particularly severe. These drastic measures are declared to be unprecedented because they create new offences and make them punishable by a procedure unknown to the common law. The effect, we are told, is for some purposes "to deprive the whole civil population . . . of the right to trial by jury and to enable a court-martial to sentence any one contravening those regulations to penal servitude for life." This, notwithstand-

ing the fact that the King's Courts are still open and that his writs still run throughout the realm. Liberty of the press, it is affirmed, is "in a precarious condition—it hangs by a thread." Never in the history of England, we are told, has the executive assumed such arbitrary power over the life, liberty, and property of British subjects. "The net of restriction is now so finely woven, so ingeniously designed, that it enmeshes every activity of the citizen. The military authorities can . . . deport the whole population of any town or village from one part of the country to another. They could totally close all the public houses throughout the United Kingdom for every hour of the day for the whole period of the war. . . . They can on mere suspicion arrest any one without warrant and can equally without warrant enter any house by day or by night. They can punish with penal servitude for life any journalist who speculates as to the plan of campaign . . . and with six months imprisonment if he criticizes the dietary or accommodation of the new recruits." They can stop any citizen, close any road, or compel the whole population to keep indoors. "We must leave the reader to judge for himself whether this 'parliamentary despotism' which recalls nothing so much as the kind of legislation hitherto exclusively reserved for uncivilized protectorates, is either necessary or wise." Such is the régime under which the English are living to-day; yet England, although "at war," is not in a "state of war,"—a distinction which the authors regard as sound and fundamental.

*Impressionistic
studies in art
and literature.*

Mr. James Huneker has been fortunate in the title of his latest volume, "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" (Scribner). Whether intended in an ironic sense or not, it suggests both the qualities and the limitations of the essays. Mr. Huneker continues, of course, to devote himself to the "modern" and "ultra-modern" European movements in music, literature, and art. The new volume discusses such men as Schoenberg, Matisse, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and the Italian Futurists, as well as Whitman, Dostoieffsky, Tolstoy, and Vermeer. As a critic, Mr. Huneker's distinction is his frank impressionism,—his eagerness, in spite of experience and sophistication, before every new work of art. "Critics," he says, "are like prize-fighters, they must keep in constant training else they go 'stale.'" His conception of art is that of Schopenhauer: "Art is ever on the quest,—a quest, and a divine adventure"; and this conception he holds in common with most of the men whom he writes

about. Mr. Huneker is himself thoroughly "modern." He dislikes and fears (half-seriously) the music of Schoenberg, and he thinks that the Futurists "have mistaken their vocation. They should have been musicians or writers, or handle the more satisfactory, if less subtle, cinematograph." But he refuses to reject either Futurism or Schoenberg. "I shouldn't be surprised if ten years hence Arnold Schoenberg proves quite as conventional a member of musical society" as Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy. He quotes approvingly Gauguin's remark that "a painter is either a revolutionist or a plagiarist." The masterpieces of the past produce in him a feeling of melancholy. "Other days, other plays. And that is the blight on all academic art." One wonders how long this quest and adventure can be kept up without exhaustion, without realizing that our "modernists" are most of them living too much on their temperaments. What one misses in Mr. Huneker's criticism, and in the modern movements in all the arts, is character,—that concern for the permanent which meant so much to Goethe, himself a seasoned adventurer. Mr. Huneker's zest, however, is unflagging. And his style,—clever and epigrammatic to a fault, often irresponsible (the composer of "The Rosecavalier" "always makes hay while the Strauss shines"), sensuous at times, with great power of evocation,—serves admirably a critic whose main interest is in the overtones of temperament.

*An outline of
Japanese history.*

A text which may be considered an "irreducible minimum" is presented by Mr. Ernest Wilson Clement in his "Short History of Japan" (University of Chicago Press). In one hundred and fifty pages he has outlined fifteen hundred years of recorded history, and has found space for references to social conditions, literature, and art. As the more important authorities are cited, the reader may easily turn to the more extensive works. Half the volume deals with the period before 1603, and the remainder treats of the Tokugawa Shogunate and the Meiji Era. The appendices include an account of the physiography of the Empire, with lists of the provinces by circuits, the prefectures, the emperors and empresses, the shoguns, the regents, and the Japanese name periods. The volume also contains a map of present-day Japan. The work is well done when the limitations of space are considered. A few errors, however, should be corrected in a text which will have wide use. Hideyoshi's letter to the Governor of the Philippines was delivered (p. 78); Chinese

as well as Dutch were allowed to trade at Nagasaki (p. 94); the bombardment of foreign ships by the Shimonoseki forts occurred in 1863 (p. 104); the Satsuma indemnity was £25,000 (p. 104n.); Oyama appears as "Omaya" (p. 130); it is not correct to state that Great Britain agreed to the revision of the treaty in 1894 as the result of Japan's overwhelming defeat of China, for the treaty was signed before the war broke out (p. 132), nor can it be said that the treaties of 1911 "included no limitations upon the commercial autonomy of Japan," for the conventional tariff in the British treaty must certainly be considered such (p. 146). These suggestions, few in number and of minor significance, really indicate with what care Mr. Clement has compiled this serviceable outline.

*Some notable
bibliographies.*

Eight bibliographies, each meriting fuller notice than it is here possible to give, bear convincing evidence of the continued activity of those self-effacing scholars who scorn delights and live laborious days for the noble purpose of adding to a very necessary branch of reference literature. Two members of the French department at Smith College, Dr. Albert Schinz and Dr. George A. Underwood, edit for use in this country M. Lucien Foulet's "Bibliography of Medieval French Literature for College Libraries" (Yale University Press), a pamphlet of thirty pages. Mr. J. Christian Bay has prepared for the Danish-American Association a bibliography entitled "Denmark in English and American Literature," an octavo of nearly one hundred pages, published by the above-named society at 30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Miss Grace Gardner Griffin is the compiler of "Writings on American History, 1913," being the eighth annual number of the series originated by her and now published by the Yale University Press. It is a work involving much research and a high degree of bibliographical skill. From the Boston Book Company comes an "Index to Fairy Tales, Myths, and Legends," compiled by Miss Mary Huse Eastman, of the Wilmington (Del.) Institute Free Library. It is a subject and title index, followed by a "list of books analyzed," arranged under the authors' names. The scope of the work may be inferred from the fact that this concluding list fills fifteen pages of fine print. To Mr. Frederick W. Ashley, Chief of the Order Division of the Library of Congress, we are indebted for a handsome quarto "Catalogue of the John Boyd Thacher Collection of Incunabula." This collection is intrusted by Mrs. Thacher to the custody of the Library of

Congress, and the present full and scholarly enumeration and description of its riches will greatly facilitate its intelligent use by those desiring access to it. An eleven-page biographical sketch of Mr. Thacher is prefixed. The Government Printing Office issues the work. "A Brief Bibliography of Books in English, Spanish and Portuguese, Relating to the Republics Commonly Called Latin American, with Comments" (Macmillan), by Mr. Peter H. Goldsmith, Director of the Pan-American Association for International Conciliation, is comprehensive without being exhaustive, briefly but intelligently annotated, and has the further merit of wasting no space on works hopelessly difficult of access. Nothing is included that will not be found in the libraries of New York. About three hundred titles are embraced in this well-selected list. From the H. W. Wilson Company we have two useful works for debaters. "Selected Articles on Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic," compiled by Dr. Lamar T. Beman, has abundant bibliographical references and a preliminary outline of both affirmative and negative arguments. The bibliography fills thirty-four pages, the argumentative selections nearly five times as much space. The book forms one of the "Debaters' Handbook Series." In the "University Debaters' Annual" for 1914-5 (the first of a promising series) are found arguments for and against the Monroe Doctrine, the increase of our army and navy, the minimum wage, government ownership of telegraph and telephone, the single tax, and socialistic control of the means of production and exchange. From college and university debates these arguments are taken, but they represent considerable scholarly application and are accompanied by sufficiently full bibliographies to enable the reader to pursue the subjects further if he so desires.

Psychological studies of three murder cases.

In his volume entitled "The Criminal Imbecile" (Macmillan), Dr. Henry H. Goddard analyses three remarkable murder cases. The criminal is in each case a boy of low mentality, showing by test the development of about a ten or eleven year old child,—in actual age, sixteen, nineteen, and twenty-four years. The aggressive sex-impulse enters, or the mere negative one of suggestibility under another's power. The first boy killed his school teacher; the plea of imbecility was admitted, mainly upon the basis of psychological tests. The second case was involved, and showed the hypnotic type of influence; a verdict of murder in the first degree was rendered. In the third case the young man shot down a girl who refused

his attentions, and is now in prison for life; though twenty-four years of age, he has exercised for the last twelve years only the mentality that he had developed at the time of his crime. The social menace of such cases is the theme of Dr. Goddard's monograph. The contribution is peculiarly valuable in showing how the recognition of abnormality is an expert matter. To the layman the criminality is far more conspicuous and abhorrent than the imbecility. The different play of the "sex" factor is convincing. The masculine trend for action and the play of violent emotions shows itself in the pathological manifestations.

How the "Lusitania" went down.

Strikingly at variance with the findings of the official inquiry are Mr. Charles E. Lauriat's observations on the occasion of the sinking of the "Lusitania." In fact, he himself says in his book, "The Lusitania's Last Voyage" (Houghton), that they "are as diametrically opposite from those of Lord Mersey's Court as they well could be." But it is evident to any impartial reader that Mr. Lauriat remained cool and calmly observant from the moment the torpedo struck the ship on which he was a passenger, to the end of that appalling catastrophe. As one proof of his remarkable freedom from anything like panic, the follower of his brief but clear narrative notes his allowing himself just enough time, as the vessel was rapidly listing to starboard, to go below to his stateroom, walking in the angle formed by the floor and side wall of the passage, and secure certain personal belongings from his luggage. It is already known how intelligently and fearlessly helpful he was in saving other lives besides his own. Briefer than was Mr. Lawrence Beesley in narrating the tragedy of the "Titanic," Mr. Lauriat recounts events of a similar but more startling nature, in which he himself figures, modestly enough, as an actor of some importance. The report of Lord Mersey's court of inquiry is added, and some significant extracts from the "Frankfurter Zeitung" of May 9 are given in both German and English. The whole constitutes not only a "document" of historic interest, but a thrilling narrative of the greatest disaster of its kind.

A text-book of English history.

The obvious purpose of Professor Arthur L. Cross's "History of England and Greater Britain" (Macmillan) is to fit the demands of a text for advanced classes in colleges and universities. For such a purpose the book furnishes a good basis. It is a fresh treatment of the subject in a large volume of over eleven

hundred pages, supplied with very good maps and competent references to other works and sources. Professor Cross brings his narrative up to February, 1914,—within six months of the beginning of the European war. The book comprehends the history of England, and its expansion into greater Britain, within fifty-seven chapters, and employs the topical method of presenting the subject-matter. It touches the political, social, and literary development of the country in due proportion. The paragraphs dealing with literary history, however, suggest a less confident acquaintance with the sources than those dealing with political and industrial development. The book aims at the presentation of facts in the light of their significance and historical succession, and makes slight attempt to appraise events or interpret the spirit and character of the English people. It is probably the most satisfactory text-book in its field for college courses thus far written by an American scholar.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The process of development of the honey bee from the egg through the larval stage is described with much technical detail in "The Embryology of the Honey Bee" (Princeton University Press), by Dr. J. A. Nelson, expert in bee culture investigations in the Bureau of Entomology in the United States Department of Agriculture. The work is of value to scientific bee culturists, and will form a welcome addition to the libraries of colleges and universities, since it gives a very full and connected account of the development of a highly specialized representative of that most important group of animals, the insects. A full bibliography and an ample index, as well as abundant illustrations, add to the book's value as a work of reference.

A second series of "Essays for College Men," under the editorship of Messrs. Norman Foerster, Frederick A. Manchester, and Karl Young, has been issued by Messrs. Holt. It maintains the high level reached in the preceding volume. "What Is a College For?" by President Wilson, "Academic Leadership" by Mr. Paul Elmer More, and "The Religion of Humanity" by Hon. Arthur James Balfour are titles which indicate that many of the essays selected are admirably suited to the purpose of the series. But the wisdom of including such an essay as "The American Scholar" may be questioned. That college men should know it will not be disputed; but it is so easily accessible already that one begrudges it space in a volume of this kind.

Another useful reference book comes from the indefatigable pen of Mr. William S. Walsh, and this time it has to do with "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction, Classical, Mediæval, Legendary" (Lippincott). Thus it forms a companion volume or supplement to his similarly entitled work dealing with modern fictitious names. Much industry is

shown in its compilation; here and there, perhaps, excessive industry, as where he writes of Ahasuerus and Cartaphilos and the Wandering Jew, in three separate paragraphs, but with no cross references, no sending of the reader to the longest and best of the entries, that under "Wandering Jew." On the other hand, some defect of industry seems to be responsible for the omission of the Seven Champions of Christendom, Emerson's "sacred Seven" which many a reader of "Brahma" has puzzled over. Not far from four hundred double-column, fine-print pages are given to Mr. Walsh's fruitful and interesting theme.

Professor Henry Seidel Canby's "College Sons and College Fathers" (Harper) is a new and sane discussion of the much-mooted question of college education. Professor Canby looks at the question from the standpoint of the teacher, the student, and the student's parents, and he maintains a rare balance between sympathy and detachment in his treatment of each of these classes. Everywhere he shows mature thought and insight, nowhere snap judgment or sensationalism. He is human throughout, and because he is human he deals with essentials. "The Undergraduate Background," "The Colleges and Mediocrity," and "Current Literature and the Colleges" are a few of the chapter-headings that provoke attention and suggest the importance of the matters discussed.

Mr. John C. Wright, of Harbor Springs, Emmet County, Michigan, has industriously collected a score or more of the native legends of his neighborhood and published them under the title, "Stories of the Crooked Tree." This semi-mythical tree, known in Jesuit missionary annals as "l'Arbre Croche," is supposed to have stood in or near what is now Middle Village, and has an interesting legend of its own to explain its crookedness. Other characteristic Indian folklore is not wanting to fill out Mr. Wright's volume, and the author has added the necessary historical commentary, with an abundance of full-page illustrations from photographs. He has had previous experience in work of this sort, and his present book is a notable contribution to the legendary lore of our aborigines. (The Lakeside Press, Harbor Springs, Michigan.)

The Princeton idea, less to contribute to knowledge than to aid in its assimilation, finds notable expression in Mr. Clarence Ward's "Mediæval Church Vaulting," lately added to the "Princeton Monographs on Art and Archaeology" (Princeton University Press). The few novel views are confessedly subordinate to the purpose of the work, which is "to give in a compact and systematic form a thorough résumé of all the principal forms of vaulting employed in the middle ages." The study of origins and motives, however, is too attractive to permit the author to forego it, in spite of the limitations of his systematic formula; and many of his most interesting observations deal with questions of such a character. In fulness and logic of presentation the book adequately fulfils its purpose; while unhackneyed photographs, clear typography, and becoming form make it a pleasure to read.

NOTES

A second volume of short American plays by Mr. Percival Wilde is announced by Messrs. Holt.

"Life and Gabriella" is the title of a new novel by Miss Ellen Glasgow which Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish this month.

"The First Hundred Thousand," by "Ian Hay" (Captain Ian Hay Beith) is announced for publication this month by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Dr. C. Carroll Marden, for several years past the editor of "Modern Language Notes," has resigned that position in order to devote himself to his special field of Spanish studies.

Two new war books announced by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. are Mr. Frederic William Wile's "The Assault" and Professor David Starr Jordan's "The Ways to Lasting Peace."

Mr. E. Byrne Hackett, for the past six years director of the Yale University Press, has resigned that position to become manager of the Brick Row Print and Book Shop, of New Haven, Conn.

"Industrial Leadership," by Mr. H. L. Gantt, one of the foremost exponents of the Taylor system of scientific management, is announced for January publication by the Yale University Press.

"Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends," by Miss McNaughton, which Messrs. Dutton will have ready shortly, tells a story in which there are two groups of characters, of different generations.

A new edition, revised and enlarged and presented in a single volume, instead of two as heretofore, of "The Development of European Nations, 1870-1914," by Dr. J. Holland Rose, will soon be issued by Messrs. Putnam.

"Traffic Control in Cities," a vital topic of ever-increasing importance, has a seven-page list of references devoted to it in the December issue of "Special Libraries," which also contains the customary amount of other interesting matter.

"The Family as a Social and Educational Institution," by Dr. Willystine Goodsell, which Messrs. Macmillan have ready for immediate publication, is a review of conditions and changes in the family from early Greek and Roman times until the present.

"Modes of Research in Genetics," by Dr. Raymond Pearl, biologist of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, will appear at once with the Macmillan imprint. The author examines and evaluates current methods of attacking problems in heredity and breeding.

"American Debate: A Critical History of Political Controversy in the United States, with Digests of Notable Debates," by Mr. Marion Mills Miller, will be issued in a few weeks by Messrs. Putnam. It will be in two volumes, one devoted to political and the other to economic issues.

In his forthcoming book entitled "Over the Front in an Aeroplane," Mr. Ralph Pulitzer will describe his trip from Paris to the fighting lines and back again in an army aeroplane, and also his experiences and impressions during other journeys

by train or motor to the battle lines in France and Belgium.

A timely and important biography is announced by Messrs. Dutton in "Eleutherios Venizelos, His Life and Work," by Dr. G. Keroflos, to appear in a translation by Miss Beatrice Barstow. The author is said to be an intimate friend of his subject, and has accompanied him upon some of his diplomatic missions.

Appropriate to the Shakespeare Tercentenary, to be celebrated this year, is the announcement of a dramatization in five acts of Mr. John Bennett's "Master Skylark," a story of Shakespeare's youth which has been a prime favorite with juvenile readers for several years past. The Century Co. will publish the work.

A most sensible and convincing statement of the anti-militarist position may be found in a pamphlet just issued by the World Peace Foundation of Boston, under the title, "Preparedness— for What?" Dr. Charles H. Levermore, president of Adelphi College, is the author. The pamphlet may be obtained free of charge from the publishers, and should have the widest possible circulation.

A biography of the late Booker T. Washington by Messrs. Lyman Beecher Stowe and Emmett J. Scott, is announced by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. The work was begun several months ago, and most of the material was gathered with Dr. Washington's authorization. Mr. Scott was his lieutenant at Tuskegee and his intimate friend. The same publishers also announce another interesting biographical work for early Spring, when, in conjunction with Messrs. Lea & Febinger, medical publishers, they will issue the autobiography of the late Dr. Edward L. Trudeau.

"The Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton (1734-1771)," edited by Dr. Paget Toynbee, in two volumes, which the Oxford Press is to publish immediately, will include, in addition to the new letters, a number of unpublished poems and translations by Gray and West. One of the two pieces by Gray, according to a pencil note by Walpole, was "written when he was very young"—probably his earliest extant effort in verse—and is a translation (sixteen lines) from the "Thebaid" of Statius. The other piece is Gray's earliest extant original poem, consisting of an epistle in verse addressed to Walpole from Cambridge in a letter dated December 8, 1734.

Labor and Socialism have a mass of literature far more considerable than is commonly suspected. Of periodicals alone there are not far from two hundred in this country dealing with phases of the labor question and the Socialist movement. At the Wisconsin State Historical Library there are regularly received about one hundred and sixty of these publications, and its collection of books, pamphlets, and other printed matter on these subjects is the largest in the country. A bulletin descriptive of "Collections on Labor and Socialism in the Wisconsin State Historical Library" has recently been prepared by Superintendent Milo M. Quaife and others, and is issued by the Wisconsin Historical Society.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1916.

- Abbott, Lyman, at Eighty *Rev. of Revs.*
 Aeroplanes, Wonder. Merle Crowell *American*
 Agricultural Credit Legislation and the Tenancy Problem. George E. Putnam *Am. Econ. Rev.*
 Alsace, Invading. A French Officer *Yale*
 America, a New World Arsenal. French Strother *World's Work*
 America, Manifest Destiny in. H. M. Chittenden *Atlantic*
 American Democratic Ideal, The. Brooks Adams *Yale*
 American Prosperity, Question of. A. D. Noyes *Scribner*
 American Tradition, The. Winston Churchill *Harper*
 American Union, Romance of—II. Helen Nicolay *Century*
 America's Business Boom. J. George Frederick *Rev. of Revs.*
 Author, Speeding-Up the. Florence F. Kelly *Bookman*
 Babylon, Journeying to. William Warfield *Harper*
 Bahamas Islands, Adventures in the. Richard Le Gall-Henne *Harper*
 Balkans, The, and Diplomacy. J. W. Headlam *Atlantic*
 Blind, Type-Reading for the. A. Russell Bond *Century*
 Bostonian, Why Is a? Harrison Rhodes *Harper*
 Budget System, The, vs. "R. & H." Pork. B. J. Hendrick *World's Work*
 Canada in War Time. Mary Synon *Scribner*
 Carnegie, Andrew, and His Peace Flock. G. S. Lee *Everybody's*
 College President, If I Were a *Unpopular*
 College Treasurer, Trials of an Old-Fashioned. G. T. Ladd *Yale*
 Community, The Hope of the Great. Josiah Royce *Yale*
 Constitution, Tinkering the *Unpopular*
 Dead, A New Dialogue of the. Philo M. Buck, Jr. *Mid-West*
 Democracy, Efficient *Unpopular*
 Drink, Social Aspects of. John Koren *Atlantic*
 English Novel, Advance of the—IV. W. L. Phelps *Bookman*
 Europe's Expansion in Population. Walter F. Willcox *Am. Econ. Rev.*
 Far-Eastern Problem, The. J. A. P. Bland *Century*
 Feminists, Four Scandinavian. Hanna A. Larsen *Yale*
 Fiction's Playground, In. Grace I. Colborn *Bookman*
 Foreign Trade, Collecting Accounts in. Walter F. Wyman *World's Work*
 France, Northern, With the Armies in—II. Walter Hale *Century*
 French Cabinet, The New. George Marvin *World's Work*
 French Literature, Modern, The Fundamental Element in. Colbert Searies *Mid-West*
 Germany and Cotton. W. J. Ashley *Atlantic*
 Hervieu, Paul, A Note on. Brander Matthews *Bookman*
 Hovey, How He Wrote "Barney McGee." Bliss Carman *Bookman*
 "Hyphenated." The Hopes of the. George Creel *Rev. of Revs.*
 Immigrant, Educating the, for Citizenship *Rev. of Revs.*
 Immigrant, Le, the Poor! Frances A. Keller *Atlantic*
 Immigrants, Training, The Los Angeles Example for. C. Ferris *Rev. of Revs.*
 India, Germany's Plans to Reach. Talcott Williams *Rev. of Revs.*
 Italy and the War—II. W. Morton Fullerton *World's Work*
 Japanese Immigration, Economic Aspects of. H. A. Mills *Am. Econ. Rev.*
 Jungle, A Yard of. C. William Beebe *Atlantic*
 Kansas. William Allen White *American*
 Labor and Capital. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. *Atlantic*
 Leprosy in the Philippines, Fighting. Victor G. Heiser *World's Work*
 Literacy Test, The Case for the *Unpopular*
 Literary Production, Aspects of. A. W. Spencer *Mid-West*
 Load Factor, The, in the Variation of Productivity. G. P. Watkins *Am. Econ. Rev.*
 Milton's Ecclesiastico-Political Setting. E. Benjamin Andrews *Mid-West*
 Minimum Wage, Meaning of the. Robert Brœre *Harper*
 Mississippi Holiday, A. Howard M. Jones *Mid-West*
 Morocco Has Entered the War. Charles W. Furlong *World's Work*
 Nation on Trial, The, 1860-1916. Eric F. Wood *Unpopular*
 Nationality,—What Is It? *Yale*
 Navy, Our, in the Event of War. George v. L. Meyer *Bookman*
 New York of the Novelists—V. Arthur B. Maurice *Everybody's*
 New York, Rubber-Necking in. Ray Brown *Mid-West*
 Painter, The Public and the. Horace M. Kallen *Mid-West*
 Panama Canal, Economic Aspects of the. G. G. Huebner *Am. Econ. Rev.*
 Philippines, Our Administration of the. T. L. Blayney *Rev. of Revs.*
 Pneumonia, Facts about. Arthur R. Reynolds *American*
 Poetry for the Unpoetical. Henry S. Canby *Harper*
 Post-Impressionistic Revolt, The. Huc-Mazelet Luquiens *Yale*
 Preparedness, The Question of. Anson P. Stokes *Yale*
 Prosperity, The Outlook for. A. W. Douglas *World's Work*
 Psychical Research, "Patience Worth" and *World's Work*
 Public-Utility Bonds, The Stability of *World's Work*
 Reformers, These *Unpopular*
 Romaine, as a Musical Critic. L. M. Isaacs *Bookman*
 Rumanian Sphinx, The. T. Lethrop Stoddard *Rev. of Revs.*
 Singing Man with the Hoe, The *Unpopular*
 Southern, Edward H., Personal Remembrances of—I. Scribner *Century*
 Statesmanship, Acquisitive

- Stevenson on the Stage. Clayton Hamilton *Bookman*
 Stocks and Bonds—War and Peace. Theodore H. Price *World's Work*
 Stores, Favorable Locations for. F. C. Kelly *American*
 Submarine, The, in War. Robert W. Neeser *Scribner*
 Swinburne and Carducci. Beulah B. Amram *Yale*
 Tolstoi and the Doctrine of Peace. S. B. Gaas *Mid-West*
 Translator, The Way of the *Unpopular*
 Trees. Walter Prichard Eaton *Century*
 Trudeau, Edward Livingston. Stephen Chalmers *Atlantic*
 Un-Naturalist, From the Note-Book of an. Burges Johnson *Harper*
 War, Sea Power and the. Roland G. Usher *Atlantic*
 War, Second Thoughts on this. John Galsworthy *Scribner*
 War, The, and the British Realm. A. F. Pollard *Yale*
 War's Vast Horizons, The. Frank H. Simonds *Rev. of Revs.*
 Weir, J. Alden, P.N.A. Howard R. Butler *Scribner*
 Whitman, Walt. Gamaliel Bradford *Bookman*
 Woman, the Intelligence of, Further Notes on. W. L. George *Atlantic*
 Woman's Viewpoint, From a *Unpopular*
 Women of England. Rebecca West *Atlantic*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 60 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- The Life of Thomas Pitt.** By Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton, K.C.M.G. Illustrated, 8vo, 610 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Caliphs' Last Heritage: A Short History of the Turkish Empire. By Mark Sykes, Bart. Illustrated, 8vo, 638 pages. Macmillan Co. \$4.25 net.
Commerce of Rhode Island, 1726-1806. Volume II, 1775-1806. With photographic portrait, large 8vo, 501 pages. Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society.
The Life of Sir Philip Sidney. By Malcolm William Wallace. 12mo, 428 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.25 net.
Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century: Studies in Spanish Colonial History and Administration. By Herbert E. Bolton, Ph.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 560 pages. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press. Paper, \$3.25 net.
An Introduction to the History of Connecticut as a Manufacturing State. By Grace Pierpont Fuller. 8vo, 64 pages. Northampton, Mass.: Department of History of Smith College. Paper.
The Most Interesting Americans. By Julian Street. With portrait, 16mo, 75 pages. Century Co. 50 cts. net.
Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, October, 1915. 12mo, 58 pages. Published by the Society. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- The Rise of English Literary Prose.** By George Philip Krapp. 12mo, 546 pages. Oxford University Press. \$1.75 net.
The Carillon in Literature: A Collection from Various Authors, with Some Notes on the Carillon Art. By William Gorham Rice. Limited edition; with frontispiece, 12mo, 104 pages. John Lane Co. \$3. net.
Froissart and the English Chronicle Play. By Robert Metcalf Smith, Ph.D. 12mo, 165 pages. "Studies in English and Comparative Literature." New York: Columbia University Press. \$1.50 net.
The Lay of Havelok the Dane. Re-edited from MS. Laud Misc. 108 in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. Second edition, revised by K. Sisam; with frontispiece, 16mo, 171 pages. Oxford University Press. \$1.10 net.
Othello: An Historical and Comparative Study. By Elmer Edgar Stoll, Ph.D. 8vo, 71 pages. Minneapolis: Bulletin of the University of Minnesota. Paper, 50 cents.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

- Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson.** With portrait, 12mo, 307 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.
The Cloister: A Play in Four Acts. By Emile Verhaeren; translated by Osman Edwards. 12mo, 66 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.
The Life of Man: A Play in Five Acts. By Leonidas Andreiev; translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth. 12mo, 141 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

An American Garland: Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America, 1563-1759. Edited, with introduction and notes, by C. H. Firth, M.A. 12mo, 90 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1. net.

Poems. By Carl Spencer. 12mo, 175 pages. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.50 net.

Recreations. By "J. T." 12mo, 151 pages. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.50 net.

The Dreamer, and Other Poems. By Kenneth Rand. 12mo, 57 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

New Rubaiyat from a Southern Garden. By George Frederic Vielt. 12mo, 80 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. 75 cts. net.

Oxford Poetry, 1915. Edited by G. D. H. C. and T. W. E. 12mo, 72 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. Paper, 35 cts. net.

Breakdown, and Other Poems. By Egbert J. Sandford. 12mo, 59 pages. London: Erskine Macdonald. Paper.

Poems by Two Brothers, Richard and John Beresford. 12mo, 64 pages. London: Erskine Macdonald.

FICTION.

The Strangers' Wedding: The Comedy of a Romance. By W. L. George. 12mo, 442 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35 net.

Pelle the Conqueror: The Great Struggle. By Martin Andersen Nexø; translated by Bernard Miall. 12mo, 438 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.40 net.

Persuasive Peggy. By Maravene Thompson. Illustrated, 12mo, 208 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.25 net.

Tales by Polish Authors: Henryk Sienkiewicz, Stefan Zeromski, Adam Szymanski, Wacław Sieroszewski. Translated by Elise C. M. Benecke. 12mo, 198 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.35 net.

Mildew Manse. By Belle K. Maniates. Illustrated, 12mo, 240 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1. net.

The Love Letters of a Mystic. By Alma Newton. With frontispiece, 12mo, 108 pages. John Lane Co. 75 cts. net.

Gorham's Gold. By Eldee Keesing. 12mo, 357 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.35 net.

Joffre Chaps, and Some Others. By Pierre Millie; translated from the French by Bérengère Drilhen. 16mo, 215 pages. John Lane Co. 50 cts. net.

Red Head and Whistle Brooches. By Ellis Parker Butler. Illustrated, 16mo, 48 pages. The Bancroft Co. 50 cts. net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND ECONOMICS.

The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum and Recall in Oregon. By James D. Barnett, Ph.D. 12mo, 295 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.

Uncle Sam and Old World Conquerors: Being the Seventh Division of Uncle Sam, a Satirical Prelude. By William Norman Guthrie. 8vo, 175 pages. Brentano's. \$1.50 net.

Social Freedom: A Study of the Conflicts between Social Classifications and Personality. By Elsie Clews Parsons. 12mo, 106 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1. net.

The Boycott in American Trade Unions. By Leo Wolman, Ph.D. 8vo, 147 pages. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. Paper.

The Rockefeller Foundation, Annual Report, 1913-14. Second edition; 12mo, 226 pages. New York: The Rockefeller Foundation. Paper.

Your Congress: An Interpretation of the Political and Parliamentary Influences that Dominate Law Making in America. By Lynn Haines. 12mo, 160 pages. Washington, D. C.: The National Voters' League. Paper, 65 cents net.

RELIGION.

How to Become an Efficient Sunday School Teacher. By William A. McKeever. 12mo, 236 pages. Cincinnati: The Standard Publishing Co. \$1. net.

Man's Life of Purpose. By William C. Comstock; with foreword by Joseph A. Milburn. 8vo, 206 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.35 net.

The Apostles' Creed. By David James Burrell, LL.D. 12mo, 240 pages. American Tract Society. \$1. net.

Parabellical Teachings of Christ: Old Truths Found in New Places. By E. B. Miner, A.M. 12mo, 138 pages. The Gorham Press. \$1. net.

John Wesley's Place in History. By Woodrow Wilson. 16mo, 48 pages. New York: The Abingdon Press. 50 cts. net.

MUSIC, ART, AND ARCHITECTURE.

The History of American Music. By Louis C. Elson. Revised edition; illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 387 pages. Macmillan Co. \$6. net.

An Introduction to the Study of Prehistoric Art. By Ernest A. Parkyn, M.A. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 349 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.25 net.

Thomas Jefferson and the First Monument of the Classical Revival in America. By Fliske Kimball, Ph.D. Illustrated, large 8vo, 48 pages. Privately printed. Paper.

Rome: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By Albert Kuhn, O.S.B.; with preface by Cardinal Gibbons. Part XII, illustrated, large 8vo. New York: Benziger Brothers. Paper, 35 cts. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

University Debaters' Annual, 1914-1915. Edited by Edward Charles Mabie. 12mo, 534 pages. "Debaters' Handbook Series." H. W. Wilson Co. \$1.50 net.

An Historical Atlas of Modern Europe, 1789-1914. With an Historical and Explanatory Text by C. Grant Robertson, M.A., and J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E. 4to. Oxford University Press.

Newspaper Editing: A Manual for Editors, Copy-Readers, and Students of Newspaper Desk Work. By Grant Milnor Hyde, M.A. 12mo, 365 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

A List of Books on the History of Industry and Industrial Arts, January, 1915. Prepared by Aksel G. S. Josephson. Large 8vo, 486 pages. Chicago: The John Crerar Library. Paper.

Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic: Selected Articles. Compiled by Lamar T. Beman, LL.D. 12mo, 163 pages. "Debaters' Handbook Series." H. W. Wilson Co. \$1. net.

A Brief Bibliography of Books in English, Spanish, and Portuguese, Relating to the Republics commonly called Latin America. By Peter H. Goldsmith. 12mo, 107 pages. Macmillan Co. 50 cts. net.

The Methodist Year Book, 1916. By Oliver S. Baketel. Illustrated, 12mo, 244 pages. Methodist Book Concern. Paper, 20 cts. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Birds of New York. By Elon Howard Eaton. In 2 volumes, illustrated in color, 4to. New York State Education Department.

Inventions and Patents. By Philip E. Edelman. With frontispiece, 12mo, 288 pages. D. Van Nostrand Co. \$1.50 net.

The Rhythm of Life. By Charles Brodie Patterson. 8vo, 304 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50 net.

Proceedings of the Librarians' Convention, held in New York City, September 15, 16, and 17, 1913. 12mo, 63 pages. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press Bookshop.

Making Curtains and Hangings. By Agnes Foster. Illustrated, 16mo, 64 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. 50 cts. net.

Periodical Medical Examinations, for the Scientific Conduct of Life: Reprints of Two Papers. By George M. Gould. 12mo, 21 pages. Atlantic City: Published by the author. Paper.

Hereditary Fragility of Bone (Fragilitas Osseus, Osteopsathyrosis). By H. S. Conrad and C. B. Davenport. 12mo, 31 pages. Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.: Eugenics Record Office. Paper 15 cts. net.

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